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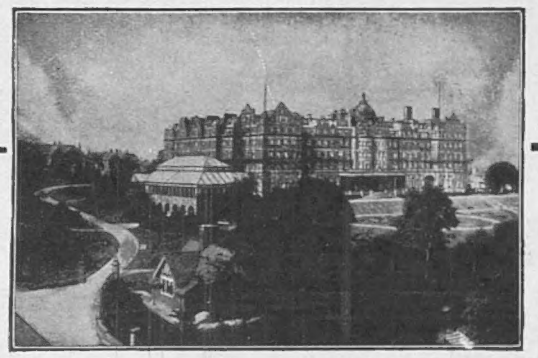

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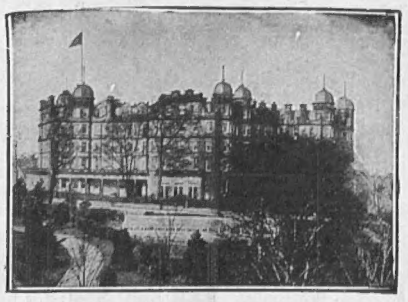

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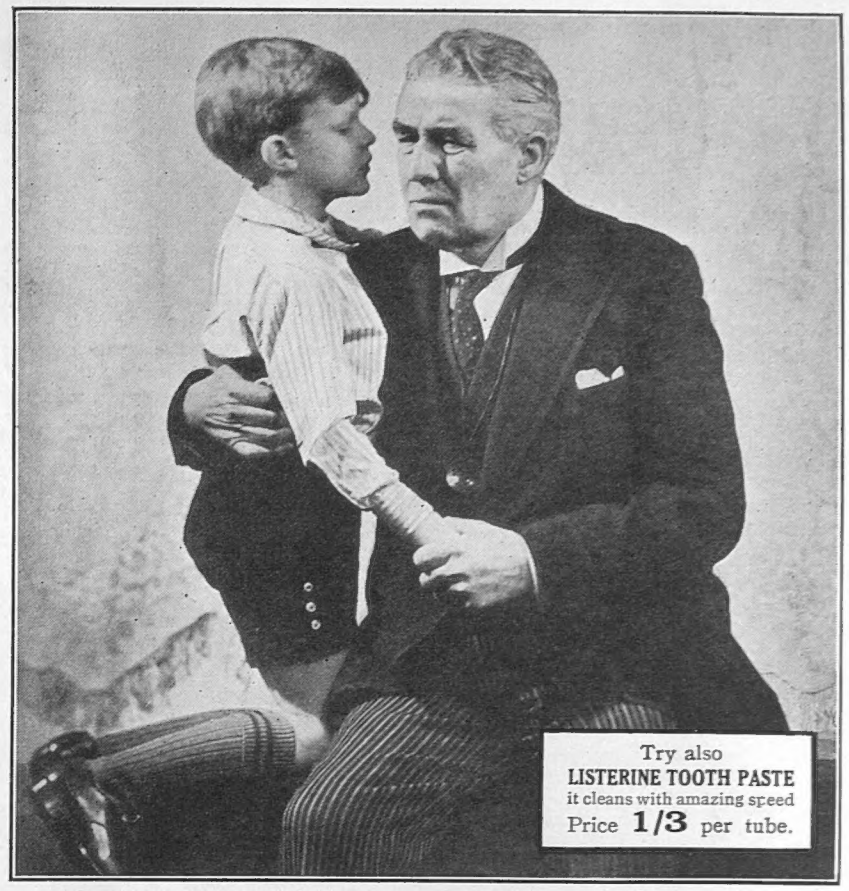

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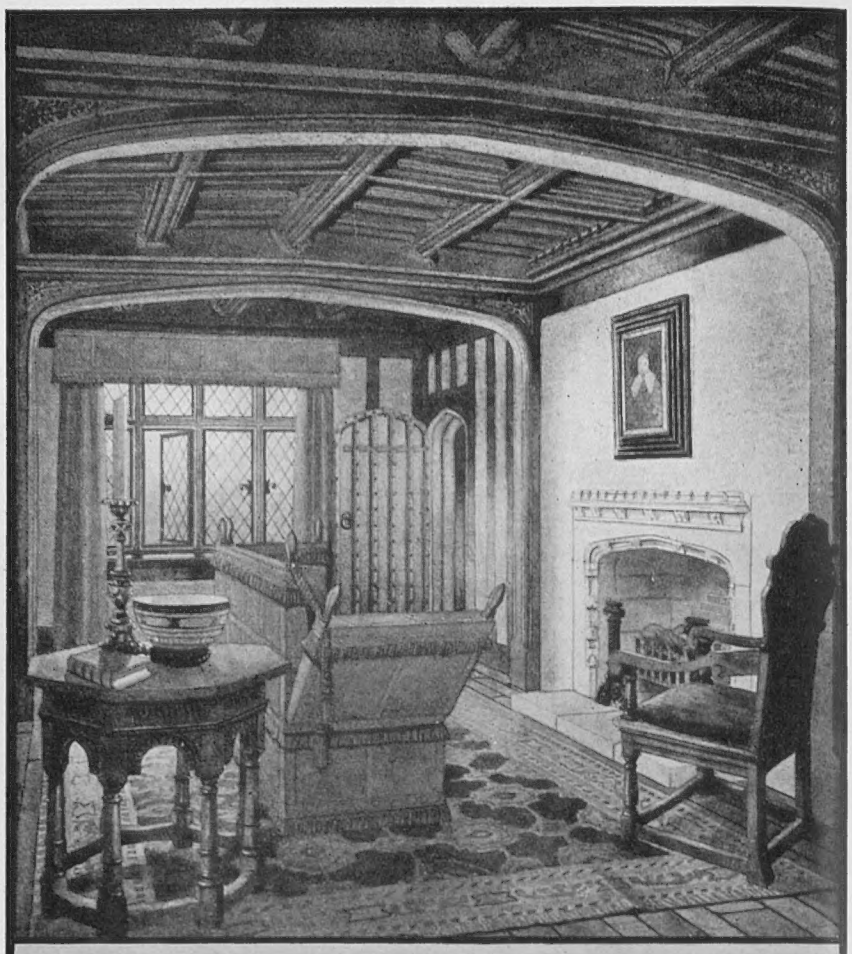

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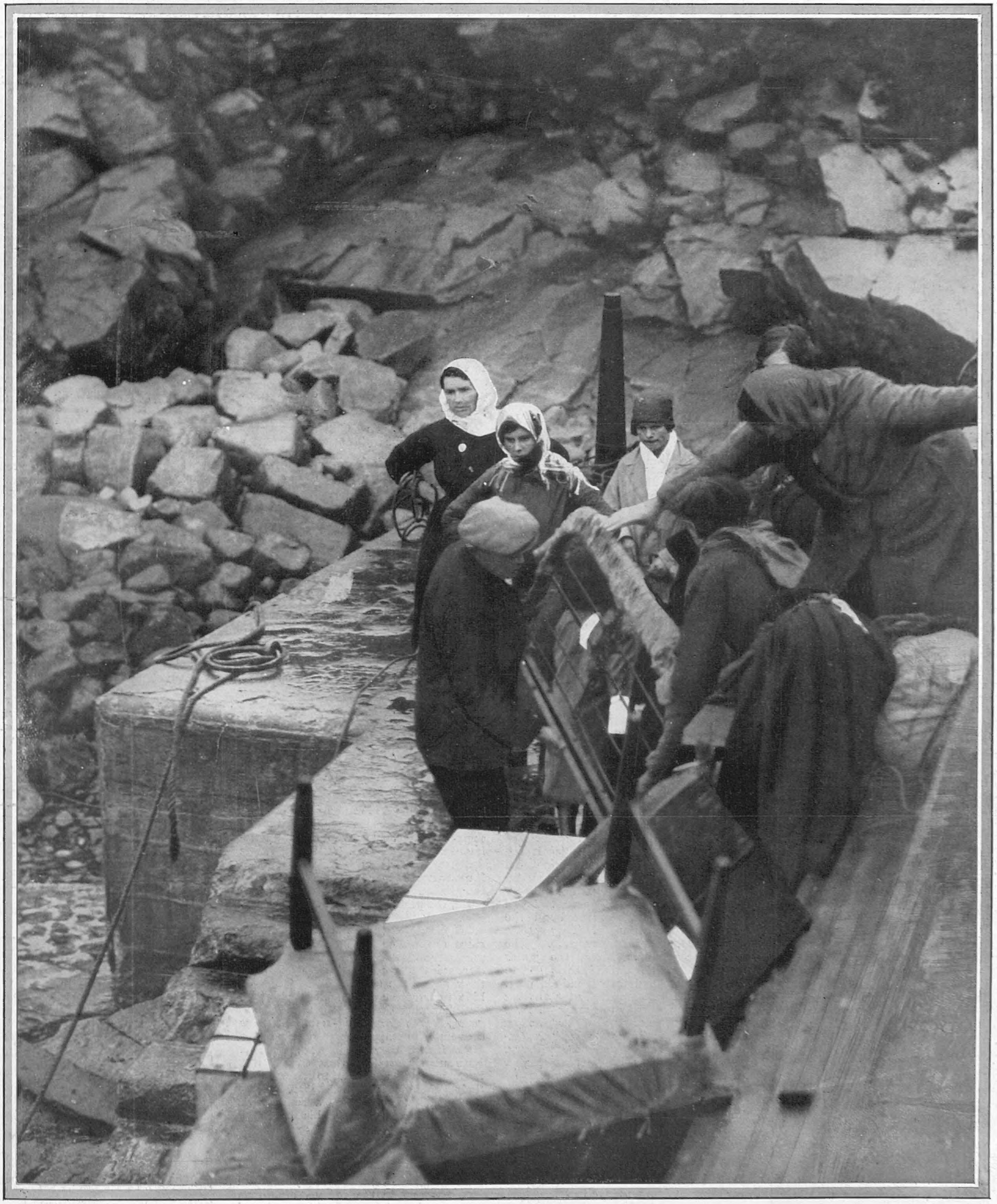


FAREWELL to ST. KILDA

St. Kilda, long known as the loneliest of the British islands, is to-day abandoned to the wheeling gulls and the flying spray after 1,000 years of unbroken occupation by humans. The evacuation was carried out by the *Dunara Castle* and H.M.S. *Harebell*, which actually took off the islanders. Poignant scenes marked the moment of departure, the islanders regretting the home — desolate and hostile though it had proved — they had known so long. Many of the families are now being employed at Lochaline on a Government afforestation scheme. The Commander of the *Harebell*, having allowed the islanders to pay their last visit to the graves of their forefathers—climbed a hill and swept St. Kilda with his glasses to ensure that no living soul was left.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 3, 1930

Going North.—Now and then it is good to go by road to Scotland. Once through Grantham the sense of "going north" begins. The towns have broad streets and substantial old coaching inns. But until the plain of York—that interminable flat—is passed, it's dreary work except for road-hogs. I myself was interested

STILL UNSOLVED: Man's sartorial problem, in spite of recently grilling days remains unsolved. The discarded coat still reveals elastic tackle

in the running of a new car—the people's family car—a Morris Sunshine Six. It is nice to average 37 m.p.h. for 200 miles, without ever going more than 44 m.p.h. And it is very nice indeed to average exactly twenty-six miles to a gallon over 500 miles, especially when you are told that twenty-three miles to a gallon is all you must expect under good conditions. But I was blown along in front of a south wind in an ever intensifying heat-wave. The charm of the North Road is felt best via Carter Bar, though the surface is bad for twenty miles each side of the border. But that switchback road through the lonely Highlands of Northumbria is the best introduction to Scotland, and well worth a lost screw or two and a smattering of tar which never seems to dry upon the road. From Jedburgh to Edinburgh the road is good, from Edinburgh to Crieff it is superb, from Crieff to Dunkeld it is like a serpentine billiard table, and it is still quite adequate onwards to Inverness.

A Grilling Journey.—But never again will I be caught short of a flannel suit when I go to Scotland. I left Surrey glad to be dressed in a shooting suit and equipped with nothing lighter or cooler. What I suffered as the thermometer mounted the further north I went, no words can say. One can (and did) discard first waistcoat and then coat. But the Scot is a decent, conservative sort of body, and the longing to discard one's knickerbockers also had perforce to be kept under. Man and boy I have been in Scotland in the last days of August for twenty-five years, but never have I experienced such fierce and sultry heat on the high ground, such ominous, earthquaky warmth. But Scotland is Scotland still, and I enjoyed every minute of the trip. The view of Edinburgh under a deep Italian sky seen from the Castle terraces was the best I ever saw, and as for that War Memorial, it never fails to satisfy. I am convinced it is the finest example of the Art of our age, and that opinion seems to be shared by the whole nation and the tourists of every land.

The New Arena.—The Oval and Glamis have enjoyed their "little hour" in the limelight, and now it is the turn of the League of Nations, with M. Briand as the central figure. Alas that M. Briand's ideal should have very little prospect of materialization, while the Peace Treaties remain unmodified and Germany and Italy remain to complain and obstruct. A United States of Europe is about as near fruition as it was in 1911, and the only advance towards the goal during the next fortnight is likely to be the formal offer to Mr. Henderson, acting for the British Empire, of a score of squealing babies to add to the armful we already hold. Such domestic episodes are very dear to our sentimentalist Government.

The Bravest of the Brave.—Sir Charles Tegart, Calcutta's Commissioner of Police, who recently escaped assassination, is one of the finest men in the Empire. He is brave as a lion, and as efficient as he is quixotic. Three years ago he might have retired full of honour and without any financial sacrifice from a post of supreme danger and anxiety. He refused to do so, although he carried in his pocket a sheaf of anonymous letters warning him that if he returned to Calcutta every effort would be made to kill him. Several such efforts have been made. Indeed, he may be said to have a charmed life. It is grievous to think that a man of such rare qualities must continue to be the whipping-boy of vacillating statesmen unworthy to tie up his boot-laces. He has recently lived through a fortnight of unparalleled anxiety and strain, and Calcutta may be thankful to have his services still.

AN IMPERIAL HERO: Sir Charles Tegart has stuck to his Calcutta post in defiance of bombs and threats

The Chance of a Lifetime.—Too often we miss the chance of a lifetime through lack of vigour and initiative. You were wrong to toy with the idea of Oberammergau and then to let it fall from your nerveless fingers. You would have had a very rare experience. You would have observed a unique phenomenon in civilization. The peasantry of Oberammergau have resisted all the temptations of modern life. They remain still simple, dignified, unspoilt. The radio, the popular Press, the motor charabanc, and the cinema have failed to vulgarize them and their world-old play. Will they resist successfully for another decade? It was risky to gamble on their strength of character and to throw away a curiously consoling and stimulating experience. And then there is Salzburg. You may repair this error next year perhaps. I very much doubt if you could find a more wonderful panacea for your workaday ills than to listen to *Fidelio*, done as only it can be done, in a natural setting in a land of musicians, and next morning to drift down the Konigsee vom Malerwinkel with the echo of those noble harmonies in your heart. The glorious finale was *Rosenkavalier* with a star cast of talent and loveliness.

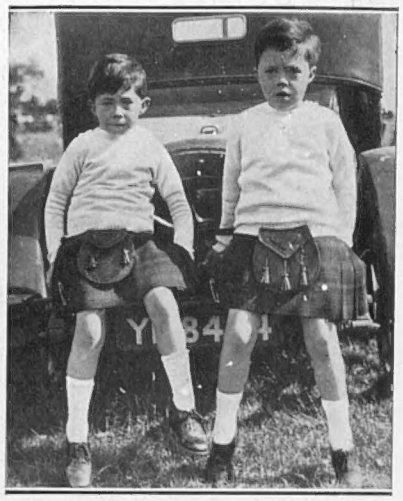
A Silly Season Topic. — An outspoken weekly review is ventilating a silly season topic labelled "The lost generation." The argument is thus: As a result of the War a generation was destroyed. Men now between the ages of thirty-five and fifty are not seen in positions of responsibility in any sphere of life to-day. The reason is that this generation has been lost, the flower of it having perished in the War and the balance surviving in a condition worse than death. This does not refer to physical disabilities, such as blindness or other forms of crippling, but apparently to the fact that physically unimpaired survivors have lost or never acquired any initiative or responsibility, owing to the intense discipline and unquestioned obedience which war training required of them. This is a silly season topic with a vengeance, for it is highly contentious. My answer to the argument would be that it is first false and next foolish.

The Lost Generation. — Half the flower of our generation, I agree, has perished, but the other half of the flower, in a silly, vulgar, and unbalanced age, which owes its mediocrity to the weakness and vacillation of its senility, and to the lack of balance and character and taste in its youth, is stemming as best it can the ebbing life-blood of the nation. If there is one generation to-day on which the nation depends for its survival it is this lost generation which has learned discipline of mind, has been through fire and water and come out into a place of peace, has raised itself by sheer character from the depths and gained a confidence and strength rarely attained, since our experiences come but once in 200 years. The times are out of joint, I agree, and even a handful of supermen cannot restore in a moment the ravages caused by a vacuous youth and a flaccid senility.

Miss Mannin's Confessions.—As for the generation which is knocking on our door, it certainly knows how to keep itself in the public eye. It can give the "lost generation" points in the shrewd art of publicity. But the more it throws on its manner of life and thought the lurid glare of publicity, the more it shows up the instability of its foundations and the futility of its creed. I take Ethel Mannin's famous *Confessions* as a type of its publicity. In that book you learn a great deal concerning that young and *soi-disant* brilliant group that no longer needs to knock on our doors, since it has long since battered them down. It includes Beverley Nichols, Evelyn Waugh, Gerhardi, *et hoc genus omne*. Ethel Mannin works very hard on its behalf, never relaxing in her efforts to show how brilliant a success they have made of life by scrapping all dusty conventions and gulping down experiences. They have, she declares, lived richly, because they have "never been afraid of the mad adventure, the gay indiscretion, the unreasoning impulse, the perilous delight of loving."

A Confession of Failure.—And the more she protests, the more apparent grows the emptiness of their lives, the discontent and essential unhappiness of their poor little souls. They laugh to hide their sobs and boast to bolster up their haunting doubts. *Les derrières si gaies, les figures si tristes.* How dreadfully unhappy they are, what a crass failure they are making of life. How utterly small is their contribution to the needs of the State, to the wants of their generation. A little jazz, a little undergraduate cynicism, a schoolboy's reckless effort to shock his elders by calling the newly-discovered spade by its name. From the pages of a thousand books of Memoirs their grandfathers triumph over them. Their despised grandfathers did indeed enjoy the full life, revelling in the comedy of human existence, knowing no doubts, anchored to certainties and traditions, gloriously happy. From fireside arm-chairs their fathers despise and pity them, having proved to the hilt their genius in the art of living by the perfect ease with which they achieve old age and prepare peacefully for death.

Arrested Development.—And we of the "lost" intermediate generation try not too obviously to show them how we also pity and despise them. As they now talk and write at thirty, we recollected with a smile we talked and wrote in our teens at Oxford. We got over all that clap-trap about freedom and the shackles of convention and the gulping down of experiences before we came of age. We began to grow happy by self-discipline

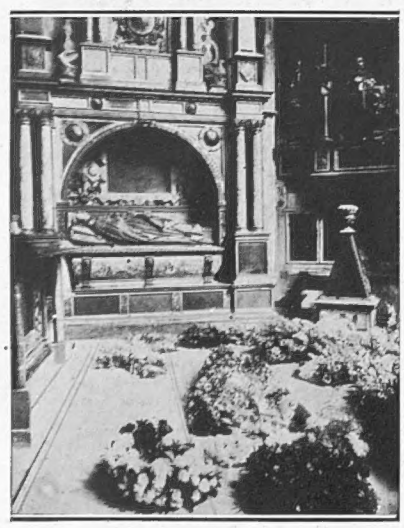


IN THE HIGHLANDS: Master Michael and Master Patrick Munro, the nephews of Sir Torquil Munro, are now at Glamis, where the eyes of the world are still turned

and moderation in thought and speech long before we were thirty. But Ethel Mannin and her sparks of genius remain, it seems, for ever in the undergraduate stage—in a state of arrested development.

Facing Economic Facts.—The early autumn is always a time for sane thinking in the City and usually a period of optimism. And since the City invariably exaggerates its optimism and its pessimism alike, these facts may be cause and effect. Let us hark back and consider the stages which led to our present discontent. This time last year when the American stock markets collapsed as a result of that speculation mania with its strangle-hold on credit, we rejoiced in that collapse because we believed that with easy money America would be compelled to stimulate foreign trade. We all failed to realize that the world's trade is one and indivisible. When America buys less raw material from South America and Australia, for example, Australia and South America have less money to spend on American motor-cars. America always believes that the world's demands are inexhaustible, but the world's demands of any one given commodity may well be, and always are, exhausted by over-production of that commodity. In short, the art of maintaining a constant world demand for manufactured articles is the art of selection and discipline of production.

THE OLD STAGER.



AT REST IN THE ABBEY: The coffin of the late Duke of Northumberland in the Abbey, where his House has a unique prescriptive right of burial

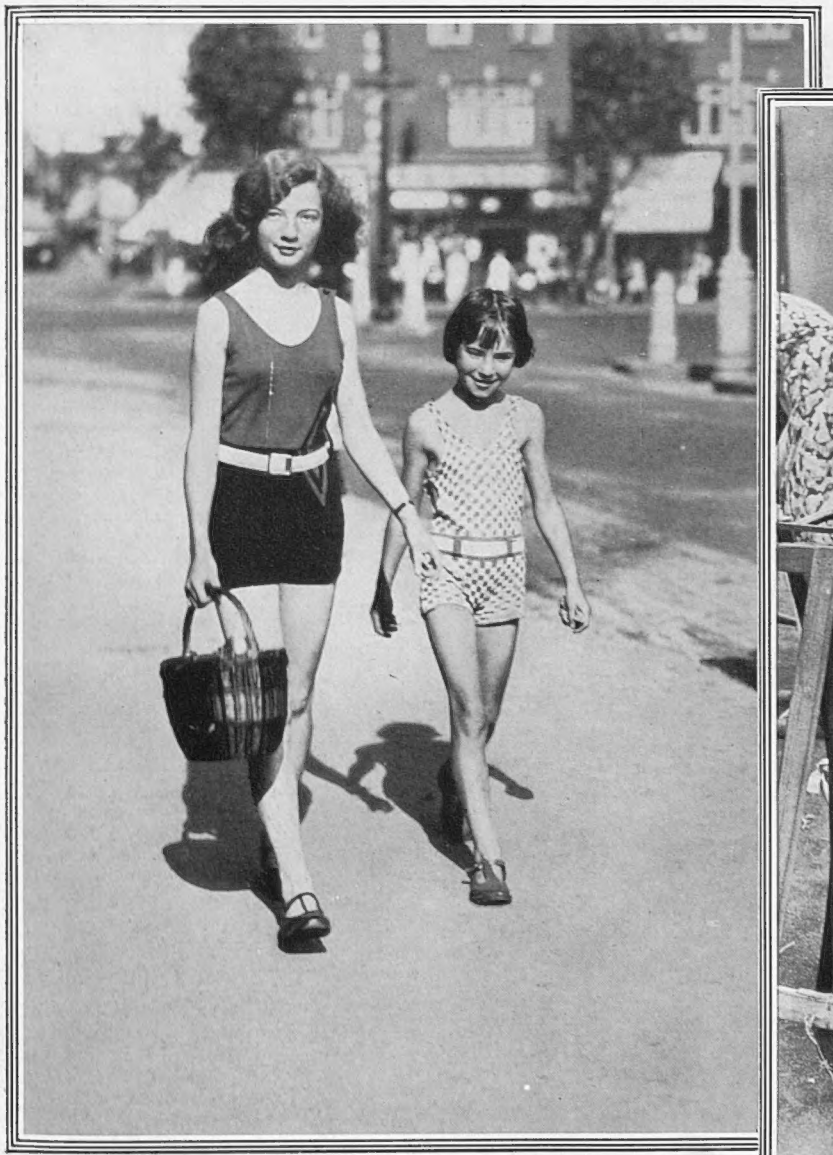
SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN ON HOLIDAY: The ex-Foreign Secretary is spending a holiday with his family in Perthshire, where he indulges his piscatorial passion—in untroubled waters

HOW LONDON TOOK the HEAT-WAVE:

The Bathing-suit becomes a Work-a-day Dress

BRICKLAYING IN BATHING-SUITS: House-builders on the St. Helier Estate, Morden, Surrey, coped with last week's sudden rise in the thermometer to 92° in the shade by a costume unconventional but effectual

WALKING KIT: Children from Southwark recovered, on their own initiative, from a grilling day in the class-room by donning bathing dress and walking to St. Paul's to watch the birds. The enterprising party is seen above waving to home-seeking omnibus passengers



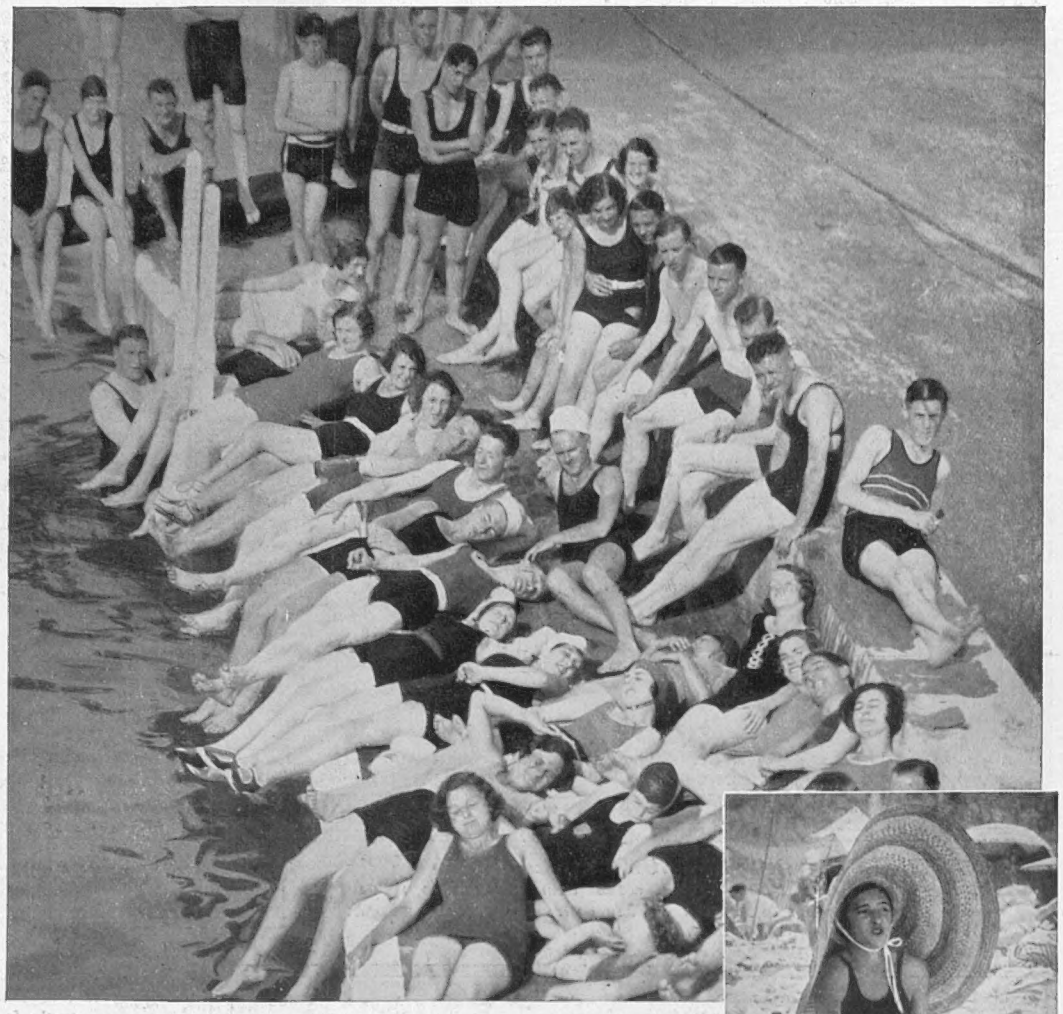
A MATUTINAL MODE: Two juvenile shoppers sacrifice fashion to comfort in London Road, Thornton Heath

Last week's heat-wave descended on London with surprising suddenness. By midday on Tuesday the whole of the metropolis was grilling, the 'bus exhausts making the main throughfares especially trying to the worker in city pent. Adastral House, Kingsway, officially registered 92° in the shade. This central part of London was the hottest part of the whole kingdom. How some of its citizens met the sartorial problem is here shown

HEAT-WAVE FAVOURS: A lucky party of work girls at a West End costumier's were allowed to work during the heat of the day on the roof of their premises in bathing costumes. Two of the girls at work on embroidery are seen above

A LIFE in the BURNING SUN

Hot Weather Poses and Fashions at Home and Abroad



HEAT-WAVE ATTITUDES: This particular picture was taken at Cliftonville, but similar indolence was to be seen in the sultry days of last week and this week at any coastal resort

Inset above on left—A BRITISH-AMERICAN CHAMPION: Miss Betty Nuthall, who at Forrest Hills recaptured the tennis reputation she was in grave danger of losing at Wimbledon. In the final she defeated Mrs. L. A. Harper, and is the first overseas player to capture an event inaugurated in the year 1887

CHECK TO THE QUEEN! Biarritz continues in its proud position as a haunt of fashion among the watering-places of Europe, and its season continues long after that of most other resorts. At the Cote Basque, the select bathing beach, the most startling and smart of creations are to be seen. One of the most *chic* of hot-weather *toilettes* is reproduced above—a pair of loose Lido pyjama trousers in multi-coloured checks

Inset above on right—"THE CARTWHEEL HAT": A striking fashion at Biarritz, a great sun-bathing centre. It is in fact an elegant form of portable tent, effectively shading the back

THE NATIONS ENGAGE IN MIMIC WAR

FRENCH ARMY MANŒUVRES: A party engaged on the most important military exercises held in the Haute Tarentaise district—a mass of mountainous country near, and east of, Grenoble—since 1914. They are being directed by General Serigny, Military Governor of Lyons

WASPS OF WATER WAR: The miniature ships of the Ostseesperrverband flotilla, which sail on the Elbe, were brought to Potsdam last week, amid enthusiasm

MECHANIZED WARFARE: The forces of "Northland" cross the main London-Basingstoke Road on their invasion of "Southland"—the two arbitrary districts into which was divided the terrain round Aldershot, where the 2nd Division is conducting extensive manœuvres. This campaign is the last and biggest "battle" of the season

A LIGHT LUNCH FOR THE LIGHT INFANTRY: Officers of the Yorkshire Light Infantry consume a midday snack in a shady spot during a lull in the fighting between "Northland" and "Southland"—the manœuvre divisions of terrain. *Inset above*—KEEPING COOL ON GUARD: Two unusual costumes for sentries were worn by the Guards during a halt at Guildford during the 40-hour battle of last week-end. Several members of the brigade on manœuvres were smitten with sunstroke which resulted in at least one death. Sun-shades for the neck, usually issued only to troops on tropical service, were issued and were taken advantage of, as may be seen above

BRITAIN'S BACKGROUND PROBLEM.

By LANCELOT LAWTON

Behind everything we discuss or think about in these September days—over the stubble or the heather—lies the growing army of the unemployed. What party will face the problems and the unthanked actions involved? Will Free-Trade Labour give up its belief in the open door? The forceful T.U.C. discussions at Nottingham on this vital question and the Rothermere - Beaverbrook creation of the United Empire Party add topical interest to the facts given here.

The registered total of unemployed surpasses 2,000,000, and the insurance fund is overdrawn £60,000,000.

To what extent is the Socialist Government culpable? During its period of office it has sanctioned the expenditure of nearly £100,000,000 for schemes designed to relieve unemployment.

It is estimated that, in addition, the direct cost to the State for unemployment insurance and poor relief, chiefly as a result of unemployment, is £50,000,000.

What is being got in return? It is computed that the expenditure of £100,000,000 will employ 380,000 men for one year. A third of this total has been set to work. But concurrently a much larger number left work.

If only one year's employment were to be found on Government schemes for all persons now unemployed, not less than £500,000,000 would have to be expended.

Of the £50,000,000 spent yearly on insurance and various other forms of relief, not a penny produced anything. It was impossible not to support those whom the aftermath of war rendered idle; they could not be abandoned to starvation. But the consequences of maintenance without work have been frightful. Official reports mention that 383,000 insured persons now idle had less than thirty weeks' work during the past two years. A large section of modern youth has never known what work is. Prisons are largely occupied by young men who would never have been there had they been disciplined by regular employment.

Fruitless expenditure on unemployment relief brings financial troubles to both nation and individual. Ratio of taxation to revenue is higher in England than in any other country in Europe. The State draws lavishly upon the savings of one section of its citizens that it may support another. To avert this levy considerable capital has migrated abroad.

The causes of unemployment are complex. They are both national and international. Socialist Ministers speak mainly of those that are international. Their motive for doing so is clear. Before they came to power they declared that they had a *certain* solution for the problem. But once they got into power they sang from another opera. As the workless total mounted up they said: "It is no fault of ours. We are in the grip of a universal crisis. Look at the United States, Germany, Japan, all these countries, too, have large unemployment."

The universal crisis consists chiefly in this: of commodities there is superabundance. Wool, cotton, silk, rubber, coal, oil, nitrates, tin, copper, all have been produced in quantities larger than can be disposed of. Consequently wholesale prices have fallen abruptly, with no equivalent lowering of retail prices. Because of the gap between the two, living continues to be 57 per cent. above pre-War standard. For this there is little economic justification. Cost of living should be near to pre-War standard.

So long as the warehouses of the world are choked with unsaleable merchandise there will be universal unemployment. Such congestion will continue until retail prices come down. That in turn will happen only when realization is common that because of growing unemployment and other adverse factors the consuming public cannot afford to pay what is asked of it.

But as has been said, the causes of unemployment are not exclusively international. It is quite possible to remove most of them by national effort. At one time Socialist orators also said as much. Yet when taken at their word and given an opportunity of showing what they could do, unemployment still went on increasing and even more rapidly than before. No universal crisis then existed; unemployment was an affliction peculiar to Great Britain.

At present, when a universal crisis is here, the ratio of unemployed to population is larger in this than in any other country. All these circumstances indicate plainly that the causes are partly national, and that the cure too must be partly national. Government spokesmen have suddenly become silent upon this aspect, and have seized upon the world crisis as a justification for ineptitude. Yet had there been no such crisis we should still have had a million or more unemployed. The existence of abnormal unemployment in Great Britain during normal times was due primarily to the fact that owing to the dearness of our commodities we failed to get a sufficient share of the considerable increase which has taken place in international trade since 1913, and at the same time neglected to make the most out of opportunities for expansion at home.

Then came the complication of super-abundance, the consequence of new scientific achievements. Economically the world was unready for it. Sellers still had war psychology. They thought in terms of shortage and high prices, not of plenitude and low prices. On the other hand, large numbers of buyers were satiated. Their taste had improved. They wished for something better than mass production had hitherto given them, and at prices lower than they had been accustomed to pay.

Before long the deadlock will end; retail prices are already falling, and sooner or later they will be adjusted to wholesale prices and the world's stock will be sold off cheaply. We shall then be back, or almost back, to a pre-War cost of living. Because many still hold out against economic standards dislocation and distress exist. After they surrender, what will come next? Again stocks will go on accumulating at a rapid rate, for the productive capacity of the nations is terrific. Only those will thrive that produce not merely cheaply but cheaply and well. Competition amongst suppliers will be keener than any known before, and the horizon of demand will extend to the remotest corners of the earth.

White countries are becoming self-supporting. But we have reached the moment when the non-white peoples of the earth ardently desire a higher standard of living. At present they ask only for those elementary commodities which for a century have been common in the everyday life of white peoples. Yet it must not be thought that anything will do for them. They have a sense of art, and the practice of sending them shoddy goods inferior to those on the European markets is short-sighted.

Consider the British Empire alone. Out of its 400,000,000 inhabitants 370,000,000 are non-white. To organize these populations so as to lift up their purchasing power, to prepare for supplying them with their new needs, such is practical Imperialism; and with it is bound up the reorganization of British industry, the renaissance of British agriculture, the development of the British or home market.

For this practical Imperialism two requisites are essential, capital and lower costs of production. If confidence is restored large reserves of capital will be available for investment, but these reserves are fast being drawn upon for unproductive purposes, particularly for unemployment relief, and of what is left a portion is being scared abroad or into channels safe but not over-productive. For much the same reason costs of production remain high. A Socialist Government, dependent as it is for existence upon the support of beneficiaries, cannot look economic reality in the face. But there are signs that economic reality will enforce solution. The trade unions perceive that owing to the advance of mechanization and science generally a given output is possible in much less time than before, and they are asking for shorter hours and a five-days week. The chief inspector of factories says that everywhere firms are introducing a five-days week; one large engineering undertaking that adopted this system reported a definite gain in production. Thus a great revolution has begun in working conditions in England.

The trade unions declare that their object in wishing for fewer hours' work each day and fewer days' work each week is not merely to increase leisure, but also employment. This at once prompts a suggestion that if the attrition of hours were carried still further than they propose the problem of unemployment might be wholly solved.

The obstacle here is the Unions' insistence that whilst hours shall be shorter pay must remain as it is. They are determined that the standard of living of those in employment should not fall. But it is evident that they are not over concerned with the standard of living of the unemployed. Were the two standards to be brought nearer, the one being lowered, the other raised a little, were overtime to be suspended or restricted for a while, then work could be found for many; the demoralization of a large section of the population would end, and the purchasing power of the pound be increased. For the sake of fairness there would have to be a corresponding reduction in the salaries of directors and managers. The expedient would only need to be of temporary duration. Lowering of costs would enable British industry quickly to re-equip itself and be ready for the strong competition that is bound to set in again when the world's stocks are liquidated. Ultimately it would stimulate demand and expand profits, thus enabling wages to rise again. After the Napoleonic wars, when distress was much more severe than it is now, some firms employed more men for fewer hours, and the results were said to have been extremely good.

At any given moment there is only a certain volume of work and service to be performed. If a large part of the population is excluded from such performance and has no accumulation upon which to subsist, then the burden for its maintenance falls upon the others. Consequently the capital available for work and service is diminished; and a measure designed to preserve the interests of the employed begins to have a quite contrary effect. More men have to be excluded from participation in production, unemployment grows, depression spreads, and the fund available for the wages of those who remain at work diminishes. The only realistic solution is to share work and service amongst all who are capable of doing it.

JACK DIAMOND, THE AMERICAN GANGSTER, LANDS IN BELGIUM: In an interview Diamond stated that he was travelling on a health and information tour of the Continent. He landed at Antwerp from the "Belgenland" but was expelled

The question of Free Trade, Protection, and Empire trading loomed large in the Bromley election, where the Beaverbrook-Rothermere candidate added a new touch to this holiday season election. The first woman to record a vote is seen here

The MILLENARY of ST. EMMERICH

Hungary's Royal Saint honoured in Budapest: Belgian Independence celebrated at the Brussels Bourse

AT THE ARPAD MONUMENT: Ecclesiastical dignitaries before the Arpad monument during the festival in honour of the son of the King Stephan, the first Christian King of the Magyar people. Emmerich is the Galahad of Hungarian history. He lived in the tenth century

BLOWERS OF THE FANFARE: A picturesque group in Hungarian celebrations in honour of the Millenary of St. Emmerich—sometimes called St. Emery. Three cardinals were present—Cardinal Sincero, the Papal Legate; Cardinal Seredi, the Prince Primate of Hungary; and Cardinal Archbishop Bourne. One feature of the celebrations was an address to the Legate in Latin and a response delivered first in the classical tongue and subsequently in Hungarian; another the unveiling of a statue by Strobl of the canonized Prince presented by Archduchess Frederick, aunt of the King of Spain; and a third was a procession of ships down the Danube. *Inset above, on left,* is a picture of the ballet performed in honour of the Centenary of Belgian Independence which formed a feature of the pageant staged to commemorate that great event. The performance took place on the steps of the Bourse at Brussels

NEWS from the UPPER AIR:

Miss Winifred Spooner's Record and other Cognate Air Matters of the Week

"THIS SMILING AND FORMIDABLE WOMAN!" Miss Winifred Spooner, seen above with Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest, was described in these terms by an Italian newspaper during the Italian Giro Hereo in which she was ranked fourth

FUEL AND LUBRICANT: A contestant in the air-race round Italy, in which Miss Spooner was the only British entrant, and one of the only two women competitors, takes on petrol and oil at the Littorio Aerodrome, Rome

A CRASH—FOR THE FILMS: A thrilling scene at Blackpool. The crowded beach was intensely interested and amused when, in the process of making a talkie to be entitled "No Lady," Mr. Lupino Lane, the well-known comedian, fell out of a purposely crashed glider and then stood on his head spinning like a top

By C. G. GREY

(Editor of "The Aeroplane")

Those who are judges of good flying have for many years recognized the fact that Miss Winifred Spooner is in the first class of aviators irrespective of sex. But in spite of the amount of flying that she has done she has never had the luck to win any of the really great competitions, and being by nature averse to publicity, she has carefully avoided the limelight into which so many aviators, male and female, rush at every possible opportunity. But a prophetess, like a prophet, is not without honour save in her own country, consequently to an Italian journalist has been left the privilege of saying what might well have been said of her before now. A writer in the *Corriere della Sera* says: "We have never seen on our aerodromes a pilot with the authority, convincing style, and racing skill of this smiling and formidable woman."

In the ordinary way the adjective "formidable" applied to a woman is hardly regarded as a compliment, but somehow with reference to Miss Spooner it is so.

There are those of us who think at times that Miss Spooner, when flying in competition, is unduly reckless. At any rate, she does take risks which can only be justified in competition.

In the early part of the recent "Circuit of Italy," which its organizers call by the much more elegant title of the "Giro Aereo," Miss Spooner did so well that she earned the admiration of all the better-class people in Italian aviation. Consequently, when she came to the more intricate part of the course, General Balbo, who is the Controller of all aviation in Italy as well as commanding the Royal Italian Air Force, asked her to take with her Lieutenant di Robilant, one of Italy's best pilots, to act as navigator.

At the end of the day, when giving his impressions of the flight, he said, "She is something fantastic. A pilot of real class. She has extraordinary courage and exceptional ability."

One has heard a very similar impression from an Englishman. He, like his Italian confrère, was astonished and considerably unnerved by flying over water with only a few feet to spare, and climbing up the sides of mountains on the same principle.

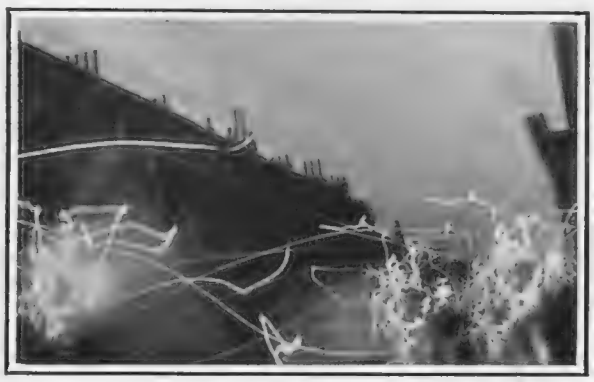
The point to be remembered is that when Miss Spooner is not flying in competition, and especially when she is carrying passengers, she is one of the most careful and considerate of pilots. But coming from a horse-riding and horse-training family she naturally does things in competitions which she would not do otherwise.

Miss Spooner first became known to the general public when she was second in the King's Cup Race of 1928, and at the same time won the Siddeley Trophy, which was presented by Mr. J. D. Siddeley for competition among private owners. After that, though she flew in all the big contests, she never won anything of importance. Then last summer she went to Kenya and Tanganyika, with the expedition of four or five machines organized by Squadron-Leader the Right Hon. F. E. Guest with the idea of making East Africa air-minded. There she proved herself to be just as good a pilot across unmapped country flying on a compass-course as she had been in Europe flying by maps.

But actually her finest performance was in the recent International Touring Competition Round Europe, when, after keeping a good average place all round the course and after losing many marks because her machine did not carry luxury equipment, such as a cabin and wheel-brakes and so forth, she worked her way into first place in the category for heavy machines, and fourth place in the whole competition. Now, in the Circuit of Italy she has put up a still more wonderful performance.

A CONQUEROR OF THE ATLANTIC AND THE POLE: The Dornier-Wal hydro-aeroplane D 1422, in which Amundsen flew over the North Pole and in which Von Gronau successfully flew the Atlantic via Iceland and Greenland to Halifax

SUCCESSFULLY OVER: M. Coste adjusting his sweater before setting out with M. Bellonte, from Le Bourget en route for America. They successfully accomplished a direct flight to New York which was reached on Tuesday morning



THE ELECTRIC STORM: A reproduction of a genuine photograph of the storm of Friday, taken from a Bayswater window. The explanation of the fantastic formations lies in the fact that the many windows in the neighbourhood reflect one flash at different angles, thereby giving a repetition of images

WHEN THE HEAVENS WERE ABLAZE: Fork lightning, which alternated with the ordinary harmless sheet, or summer variety, during the electric storm that broke the heat-wave

MACAO:

The Home of Fan-Tan and the Frailties of the East

By ALEKO

LILIUS

Macao, of which Mr. A. E. Lilius writes, covers an area, including the islands of Taipa and Coloane, of about 10 square miles. The population amounts to some 75,000. It has been a Portuguese settlement since the Golden Age of Lisbonian Expansion in the sixteenth century. From 1557 until 1849 the Portuguese settlers paid tribute to China, but thereafter payment was refused and the Mongol authorities were expelled. In 1859 Macao achieved complete independence; in 1887 China acknowledged the Portuguese sovereignty. The colony is administered by a Governor and a Council, assisted by a Legislative Chamber. The harbour is being dredged owing to the silting-up of past years

Forty-five miles west of Hong-Kong and ninety miles south of Canton is located the beautiful but frail little Portuguese colony of Macao. One has difficulty in understanding what political excuses Macao has to-day for her existence, and the commercial reasons are equally indefinite. Her industries are insignificant, consisting mainly of the manufacturing of fire-crackers, incense sticks, and wine, and also of curing and drying of fish; products of no immediate or particular blessing to the outside world.

Nevertheless Macao—these two-and-half square miles of promontory land—was once a very important commercial city. It was important enough for the Dutch, and even the British, to covet it, and for the Chinese to want it returned to them; but since the establishment of the neighbouring port of Hong-Kong as a British stronghold about a hundred years ago, the star of Macao has steadily descended.

BILLETS FOR A FORTUNE: Lottery tickets are displayed for sale every few steps along the streets of Macao

"FAITES VOS JEUX": The foki croupier—at a fan-tan game

GAMBLERS ALL: A shop specializing in the sale of lottery tickets

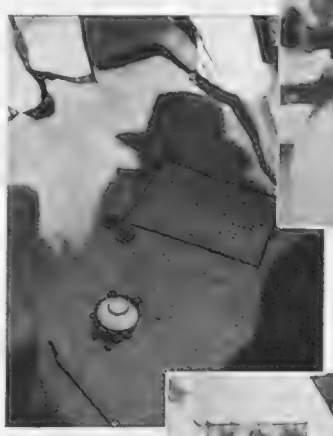
The moral reputation of Macao has never been good. She is half-caste. Chinese-Portuguese, and like most half-castes she is temperamental to the *n*th degree. She is charming, beautiful, an "Oriental pearl" if you like, and good if you want her to be good. But if you want her bad, she will certainly oblige you. Her streets are as colourful as a page from Stevenson's adventure tales. Some of them are narrow and crooked and hilly, all seething with sweating, half-naked humanity. Part of Macao is again purely Latin. Square, flat-roofed stone houses, painted pink, white, blue, or green, with thick walls and the windows protected by heavy iron bars, line the narrow streets. Here the streets are well paved, wide and tree-shadowed, with a church or a cathedral in every plaza.

But the other part of Macao is purely Oriental, swarming with noisy children, dogs, and poultry, and characterized by the smell which is so peculiarly China's own.

Gambling goes on twenty-four hours a day in Macao. The fan-tan dens are never closed, and on the street corners and in the temple yards one can see dice or fan-tan games going on full blast at all times. Shops which specialize in the sale of lottery tickets are to be found every few steps, and even the fruit vendor will gamble with a prospective customer as to the number of seeds in an orange.

If you go to a restaurant and wish to have a smoke of opium you can make your choice from the menu, and the silver-mounted pipe and tiny lamp will be brought to you as unconcernedly as if it were a cup of coffee.

A HAUNT OF MIXED RACES AND MIXED MORALS: The interior of a fan-tan den in Macao. The foki is counting the "cash"



BEANS FOR CASH: A street game of fan-tan

WHERE MONEY GOES: The fan-tan table

PROTECTORS OF THE POOR: The Portuguese police who watch over the gaming-houses, out of which the majority of clients emerge poor

The hills and islands around Macao are infested with pirates, kidnappers, and other brigands. But one seldom hears of hold-ups or robberies committed in the gambling-places, where hundreds or thousands of dollars are constantly lying open on the tables. It looks very much as if the gambling syndicate and the piratical gentry must have a "working agrement" between themselves, because Macao seems to the casual onlooker as peaceful as a parish house on a Sunday morning. It is seldom that a police whistle is heard within the gambling district of Macao. Drunkards are never seen there.

The famous fan-tan houses are shoddy-looking affairs, two or three storeys high. The gambling itself consists of guessing how many copper coins — the familiar "cash" with a hole in the middle—will be left on the table when the *foki*, the croupier, has extracted from a pile in front of him four coins at the time. If one bets on Two and there are two "cash" left, then the Two has won three times the amount of the bet, minus ten per cent. to the house. Similarly one can bet on One, Three, or Four, as well as on Two. Then there are various combinations of these numbers upon which bets may be placed — but the odds are always even.

The statement of the tourist agencies that Macao is the Monte Carlo of the Far East is obviously unfair to the beautiful French resort. They have only one thing in common: the Spirit of Gambling.

The type of gamblers is also vastly different from that of Monte Carlo. They are not by any means the stiff-shirted, gala-dressed gentry, but half-naked, odorous, and dirty. You may rub elbows with a visiting general from Canton or a pirate *number-one-man*—it would be hard to tell the difference between them.

A PROPHET in his OWN COUNTRY

Sir James Barrie, O.M., *whose "Sentimental Tommy" and "A Window in Thrums" Immortalized his Native Place, is now the Patron of a Scottish Shrine*

By KEITH MORRIS

When Sir James Barrie, Bart., O.M., visited Kirriemuir to receive the freedom of his native town, an Angus newspaper carried a big headline: "Sir Peter Pan Comes Home."

It was Sentimental Tommy who came home. Tommy, leader of the last of the Jacobite Risings,

THE WINDOW IN THRUMS: From the attic window "I could see nearly all Thrums"

and hero of the Siege of Thrums. His first return from exile had been the occasion of a memorable scene. "In his bonnet was the white cockade," relates the historian, "and around his waist a tartan sash. For State reasons he had assumed the name of 'Captain Stroke.' As he leapt ashore from the bark, the *Dancing Shovel*, he was received right royally by Corp and other faithful adherents. Corp of that ilk sank on his knees at the water's edge, and kissing his royal master's hand said, fervently, 'Welcome, my Prince, once more to bonny Scotland!' Then he rose, and whispered, but with scarcely less emotion, 'There's an egg to your tea.'"

Dear, delightful Tommy, and whimsical, delightful Barrie, whose "egg to his tea" took shape sixty years later in a silver casket containing, in the words of the Provost, not only the burgess ticket, but "the heart of Kirriemuir." A few days after the first ceremony of its kind in the history of the little red-grey town, I stood on the hill, Barrie's "Hill of Memories," where 10,000 people had assembled to greet and welcome the man whose career and writings had brought fame to their community.

He was among "his ain folk," among people "who are more like me, inside, than any other are." It was a new Siege of Thrums, and he was acclaimed a conqueror.

Truth compels the admission that it was not always thus. The people of Kirriemuir resented the lowly name of Thrums—the "orras," or tail ends of the weaver's thread—they were "suspeecious," and equally resentful, of the character-drawing in *The Auld Licht Idylls*, and a woman who kept a sweetmeat shop in the town, we are told, described the budding author as an "impident little snatchet," a phrase pregnant with meaning to a Scot.

Whether or not Kirriemuir has fully adjusted itself to a position created for it by Sir James Barrie I cannot say. "Aye, he's done weel for himsel," was the only comment I got from a native whose opinion of to-day's best-loved man of letters I had artfully endeavoured to secure. "He's made a lot o' money" was another uninspiring reaction on the mind of a Kirriemarian. And an Angus scribe, otherwise highly appreciative in his references to the town's civic and popular welcome to a gifted son, mentions, somewhat wistfully, that Thrums put off her testifying till the author of *Auld Licht Idylls* had reached his seventieth year.

But all this savours of carping and perhaps inappropriate reflection. Thrums had at last risen to the occasion and acclaimed to the world her pride in the achievements of a universally known and universally admired townsman.

Caddam Wood, at the foot of the northern slope of the hill, recalled memories of *The Little Minister;* it was here Gavin Dishart, light and centre, prop and pillar of the grim Auld Licht Community, met Babbie dancing in the moonlight, to his ultimate heart's undoing. It was here, too, that little Jeemie Barrie and his childhood playmate, Jeemie Robb, did "a dark deed."

"We dug up rosetty roots once—only once—in Caddam Wood and sold them from a barrow at Kirrie doors for a halfpenny a bundle," was Barrie's blood-curdling confession.

Caddam Wood, all unknowing, played a leading part in the triumphant reunion of Barrie and Kirriemuir—Caddam Wood and a whistle. Sir James, as related by himself, was so delighted when he discovered, two years ago, that James Robb, with whom he was rambling through the wood, had not forgotten the peculiar call of their boyhood days (the days, I like to think, of Sentimental Tommy and his staunch ally, Corp) that the thought of the pavilion first came to his mind. It was this gift which gave the town council, "greatly daring," to quote the Provost, the opportunity of offering Barrie the freedom of his native town. Such are the machinations of fate.

Through Caddam flows the Prosen stream, and a day by its banks was one of soul-racked Grizel's beautiful memories. "All the days when she thought he loved her became beautiful memories." But another memory sprang to my own mind, the remembrance, not of fiction, but of a reality. In Glen Prosen, invisible from the hill of Kirrie, and almost unknown to the outside world, stands a fountain, erected by the folk of this narrow vale in

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS: The house where the author of "Peter Pan" was born

the Angus Highlands in tribute to Captain Scott and Edward Wilson. The two explorers spent a last holiday in the glen before their tragic journey to the snowy wastes of the Antarctic, and endeared themselves to the little community, who gave expression to their love and esteem in the little wayside fount in the southern slopes of the Grampians.

Leaving the hill, with its roped-in pitch, the scene of a characteristic Barrie phantasy, the cricket match between the "Allahakbarries" (with the new burgess as twelfth man), I entered the cemetery adjoining and paused in front of a grave where Sir James had stood a few days before, the last resting-place of a Scottish mother whom a son has honoured in *Margaret Ogilvy*. From the skirting pathway I looked down on the Auld Licht manse—a manse no longer—showing up boldly in its outer garb of white; beyond the town, on the brae at Southmuir, perched the little white-washed cottage which bears a sign-board with the words *A Window in Thrums*.

THE SPORTS PAVILION: The building inaugurated by the great fantasist with a remarkable speech

Then on to the Den. Doubt has been expressed regarding the authenticity of the traditional location of the far-famed window, and during my visit to Barrieland a controversy thereon had started in a leading county newspaper, but there is only one Den. As I wandered through the little ravine after many years, the glamour of Barrie's world of make-believe did not fade. There was the same pink path leading to the Lair where the Jacobite conspirators designed their dark and secret plans, and the same Silent Pool where the royal landing was made, now a grassy meadow where the Tommies and Grizels of to-day were romping in their childhood games.

On the hill I had been fortunate in entering into conversation with a stranger who, in answer to a chance remark, revealed himself as the brother of Mr. James Robb, the closest boyhood friend of Barrie, whose name was so frequently mentioned in Sir James's address to the Kirriemuir gathering. He proved to be a kindly and genial companion, and a courteous invitation to his home enabled me to see a bit of Barrieland which, naturally, would not have been open to a casual visitor. In the garden where little Barrie and little Robb had often played together I saw the spot where Barrie had accidentally split his companion's lip with an axe—the same bush if memory serves me. "One ran one way," remarked my host, "and one the other, Barrie shouting in his terror, 'I've killed Jeemie!'" —Mr. Robb still bears the mark—"my first autograph" Sir James calls it.

About twenty yards away in the same road is a little low-roofed dwelling where a genius was born and nurtured, the birthplace of Barrie. During his last visit he was asked by the present occupant if he would go upstairs to "the room." Sir James said he would first "step in by to the kitchen." "Ben the hoose," he told Mrs. Thomson, "used to be the warping-room." He spent a few minutes in the room where he was born and then crossed the narrow passage to the tiny washing-house where Barrie's first essay in stagecraft was made, at the age of seven. The other actor was James Robb, whose brother, with the privilege of a neighbouring resident, opened the door of the little structure. Looking in I saw the boiler, surrounded by household lumber, where the final scene of the play was enacted. It was a thrilling duel between the two performers, wearing Glengarry bonnets, as to which could throw the other down the gaping chasm. "Some say I addressed the spell-bound audience," Barrie related in after years.

A little washing-place, in a humble row of tenements—and one of the world's literary shrines. I was seeing, but a few days after the magician of fairyland himself had again hovered around it, the original of the little house the Lost Boys built for Wendy in the Never Land, "the chief difference being that it never wore John's hat as a chimney."

In a house on the opposite side of the entry, or close, occupied during her life by Bell Lunan (Mrs. Adamson) and now by her daughter, Barrie when a child spent much of his time running in and out daily. Here, in all likelihood, is the real inspiration of *A Window in Thrums*, the little square window where Bell Lunan sat, infirm, and viewed the familiar events of life in the neighbourhood—this, and Margaret Ogilvy's stories of old-time days in which her son delighted as food for his fancy. Sir James never leaves Kirriemuir without visiting the home of his parents' friend and neighbour.

Bank Street, where my steps were next directed, is just an ordinary thoroughfare in an ordinary town, but it is a true bit of Barrieland. Here, now demolished, and replaced by another, stood the Auld Licht Kirk, and the Dovecot or "Hanky School," where Miss Ailie's romance reached its happy climax, and the house, then tenanted by Mr. Mills, where Barrie saw his first play, a puppet-show, "his first taste of blood." From Bank Street I entered the square, dominated on its southern side by the old Town House, where Babbie, the "Egyptian," whose advent had such a turbulent effect on the Little Minister and his congregation of Auld Lichts, was imprisoned after the riot, escaping by a ruse. Here my pilgrimage ended, and as I left the homely, kindly, braeside town. I thought of the passage in *Margaret Ogilvy* in which Barrie says that life in Thrums is as interesting, as pathetic, as joyous as ever it was; no group of weavers was better to look at or think about than the rivulet of winsome girls that overruns the streets every time the sluice is raised, the comedy of summer evenings and winter firesides is played with the old zest, and "every window blind is the curtain of a romance."

AULD LICHT MANSE: One of the well-known features of Thrums

NEWS from the AIR WORLD

The exploits of Captain Hawks and Miss Winifred Spooner

NEW YORK TO LOS ANGELES IN 14 HRS. 50 MINS.: Captain Frank Hawks and his streamlined Texaco 13—a team which reduced by nearly four hours the time taken in the previous record flight. Captain Hawks took off from New York at 5 a.m. Eastern Standard time, and with only five stops for refuelling, landed at Los Angeles at 4.50 p.m. Such a flight shows clearly the value of aerial travel; the train takes three to four days

REPRESENTING ITALY: Signor Breda who is competing in the air race round Italy

AVERAGING OVER 200 M.P.H.: Captain Frank Hawks, who, not content with establishing a record from east to west, is aiming at yet another record from Los Angeles to New York. At Indianapolis he was half-an-hour ahead of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh's time. The Texaco has a most unusual streamlined body and undercarriage

BEARING THE HONOURS OF HER COUNTRY AND HER SEX: Miss Spooner, Britain's representative in the round Italy air race

Miss Winifred Spooner, the British competitor in the air race round Italy, has crept up (at the time of writing) into second place. The first to arrive at Venice on the second stage of the flight was the Italian, Signor Sacchi. Miss Spooner arrived second, four minutes later. Miss Spooner took off thirty-second of the forty-four competitors from Rimini at 5.45 a.m., arrived at Ferrara at 8.26 a.m., and had then crept up into ninth place. Miss Spooner was third when she landed at Udine at 11 a.m. and took off again for Venice. Her average speed over the lap between Rimini and Venice was approximately ninety-seven miles per hour—a notable mean to register. She scored easily over the only other woman competitor, Signorina Fuagalli, whom she passed early in the race. At every stopping place she has been received with cheers from enthusiastic crowds.

HISTORY TOLD by the CAM

Revelations of the Cause Célèbre that Cleft France in

By FERDIN

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE: Maître Labori, a great force against the ruthlessly self-preserving, self-saving military machine

A PERSONAL AS WELL AS A NATIONAL INTEREST: Mme Labori, whose husband was fighting for the life and honour of Dreyfus, reads in the street, in defiance of the conventions, a paper telling how the trial progresses

The other day, when Andrée's body was found in frozen preservation, there were probably some who reflected after this style, "Good lord, to think that that fellow's lain there all this time, all through the Boer War and the Great War and the motor and air age—and that there he is, perfectly recognizable!"

Well, here on this page is something in the same line—the first photographic journalism ever carried out, and now produced for the first time thirty-one years after—and it is photographed history at that. The Dreyfus Trial. None in the vicinity of forty and upwards require to be told more; if what follows should help the younger generation the more to appreciate this dramatic pictorial salvage from the past—then *tant mieux*.

But, firstly, for the personality of this page. M. Georges Gerschel, now an established Parisian photographer, was a youth in 1896 when he conceived the idea of modern press photography; namely, that of photographing news "stories" in the manner one reads these in the newspapers. His first success was the great fire at the Paris Opera, and his father gave him a camera as a reward. Cameras were primitive beside the wonders of to-day. For two or three years young Gerschel carried on with his idea, but, frankly, he did not gain much attention. In those distant days of woodcuts and set studio studies "live" snapshots were hardly required—they might have been so by the daily Press, but this had not then the means of sufficiently swift reproduction. That, I take it, is the chief reason these pictures have lain hidden all these years. Gerschel went to the second trial at Rennes in August, 1899, bore himself professionally in a manner no Fleet Street camera expert of to-day would be ashamed of, and then could not dispose of his material. After the second trial the famous *Affaire* was hardly mentioned in France for years and years, lest blood flow, and so Gerschel just filed his pictures away. Not until the Schwarzkoppen revelations of this year did practical interest in the case really revive.

A GERMAN PARTISAN: Max Nordau, who did his utmost to induce Germany to disown Dreyfus—an attempt nullified by *haute politique* in Berlin

Dreyfus! The name brings me back to Brittany in the summer of 1899. I did not report the case—being then aged eight—but we were only fifty miles away at St. Lunaire, and my father, who attended the trial, used to bring his friends back for the week-end, and how two of us used to sit open-mouthed, prior to being sent to bed, as our elders shouted the odds across the table about Paty du Clam and Picquart! For of course the *Affaire* did not only convulse France; quite staid English people took sides, and Germany and Italy were both actively involved. Indeed it may truthfully be written that no *cause célèbre* before or since, in modern times, ever shook, embittered, divided not merely millions but nearly a whole continent, as did the Dreyfus Case. In France Governments fell, men were made and others ruined, things came not only to the verge of civil war but also of war with Germany; hatreds were generated which endured to the grave; the fabric of French national life came within an ace of being shattered; the Republic might have fallen to a *coup d'état* almost any day as the nineteenth century died. And what was it all about? Well, here goes—although it is not possible to straighten things out entirely even now.

Much can be told in a *dramatis personæ*:

ALFRED DREYFUS, 40 (in 1899, at the time these pictures were taken). Captain, 14th Artillery, attached General Staff, Paris, being the first Jew to penetrate this sacrosanct clique. An Alsatian, clever, hardworking, ambitious, but unpopular and unsympathetic, aloof and conceited. Nothing at all to look at; thin voice. Singularly inarticulate. *Persona non grata* from the first because of his racial intrusion. At the same time Rennes eye-witnesses always said that Dreyfus went a long way towards hanging himself by his antipathetic negativeness.

MAJOR COUNT WALSIN ESTERHAZY, 45, 74th Infantry, Rouen, attached as colleague of Dreyfus on Intelligence at War Ministry. Of Austrian descent, a man of great aplomb, always living above his means, dashing, plausible, attractive; all the personal appeal that Dreyfus had not.

MAJOR PICQUART, Intelligence, and the noblest Roman. Also an Alsatian and also, like the man he did more than any other to save, an unpopular, inarticulate officer; not a bit the accepted French type. Of an extreme probity which vexed others to extremes.

MAJOR PATY DU CLAM, a relative of the C.G.S., General Boisdeffre, over whom he exerted influence. The Major was given charge of the first inquiry.

COLONEL HENRY, Intelligence (head of), forger, destined to take the way out that both Dreyfus and Picquart refused, although loaded revolvers were left in their cells.

MAITRE LABORI, chief counsel for the accused and a terrific force against the grinding military machine that refused, against all evidence, to own up that it had committed a dreadful error.

CLEMENCEAU came out of his retirement, after Panama scandal, to wield a vitriolic pen in favour of Dreyfus, whom he could not tolerate, and against the Government and the Army. The "Tiger" snatched at this national cleavage to rehabilitate himself, and he never again lost hold.

PERSONALITIES IN THE TRIAL: General Chauvine, and engaged in the appalling Dreyfus was

ERA: The Dreyfus Case

Twain Told in Pictures by M. Georges Gerschel, and in Word

AND TUOHY

THE FOURTH ESTATE: The journalists at Rennes awaiting each meagre fragment of information on which a "story" could be built. The interest was at white heat not only in France but throughout Europe

"THE LADY IN WHITE": Amélie Darthout, an enigma present on all Dreyfus occasions—possibly on behalf of officers involved

JEAN JAURES, corrosive journalist then in his prime, made his name at Rennes, and later became popular idol of "Left" France ("The People's Tribune") until shot in café at outbreak of war, 1914. Normally his murder must have led to revolution.

"THE LADY IN WHITE" (Amélie Darthout), an enigmatic figure who was always present on Dreyfus occasions and attended the re-trial. Certainly not enamoured of accused; may have been observing for officer or officers involved.

MAX NORDAU, German writer who did his utmost at Rennes to get his country to say the one word that would have liberated the prisoner on the spot.

MAJOR VON SCHWARTZKOPPEN, keeper of this one word, Military Attaché in Paris, central figure in drama, tongue-tied under orders.

EMILE ZOLA, protagonist-in-chief for Dreyfus and author of the famous *J'accuse!* letter indicting the War Ministry, though the title was the editor's (Clemenceau). And the title went for much.

ANATOLE FRANCE, another literary fury to be roused.

MADAME BASTIAN, charlady at the German Embassy, Rue de Lille. The only woman really in the case.

COLONEL PANNIZZARDI, Italian Military Attaché, Paris.

MONSIEUR BERTILLON of anthropology fame in identifying criminals, who identified forged writing as that of Dreyfus.

GENERAL MERCIER, War Minister, star in decline.

VON BUELOW, German Foreign Minister.

AT RENNES: Colonel Jouaust, General Deloge, who were miscarriage of justice by which condemned

In August, 1894, Esterhazy offered himself as a spy to Schwartzkoppen, asking £80 a month for all the best current secrets. Appalled, the German consulted Berlin, which said, "Carry on—but pay only by results." E. got £5 for his first bit—the entire French artillery mobilization plan. He frequented the Embassy brazenly, offering more and more. One day he left a covering letter (the famous *bordereau*) enumerating a list of matters upon which he was prepared to supply information. The French Intelligence employed an agent at the Embassy in Madame Bastian, whose job it was to collect all torn writing from Schwartzkoppen's waste-paper basket and tie it up into packets for delivery twice monthly at the War Ministry. In this way the torn *bordereau* came into the hands of the head of "I," Colonel Henry.

The thing could only have been penned by one of their very selves in the War Ministry; consternation! The torn fragments, duly put together, were photographed, and a Colonel Fabre was the first to say, "Dreyfus's handwriting."

The detested Jew! Five experts were called in including Bertillon. Three agreed with Fabre, two did not. But the majority was enough; on October 15 Dreyfus was secretly put in arrest and incarcerated in the Cherche Midi prison, proclaiming his innocence thinly. First news was published 31st. General Boisdeffre entrusted the inquiry to Paty du Clam, who was convinced absolutely of the Jew's guilt.

He wanted to be convinced; the Boisdeffre-Mercier régime on which he, Paty, depended for advancement was in low water, and this tremendously important lassooing of a traitor would improve its chances of survival. Repeatedly du Clam tried to extort a confession in prison. A pistol of despair, the use of which would be as good as a confession, was also left handy. The whole War Ministry effort was to place the guilt on Dreyfus. Not much public excitement at this stage, compared with later, though considerable anti-German feeling.

Dreyfus appeared before a court-martial, *in camera*, on December 29, and soon seven officers were sentencing him to degradation and life deportation to Devil's Isle. Picquart alone spoke his doubts; the others had gone so far already that they could not go back without ruining their own careers. The accuser *par excellence* was Paty du Clam. In this manner:

The German attaché swopped all spy stuff with his Italian opposite number (Triplice). Subsequent to Dreyfus's arrest—an arrest which completely mystified Schwartzkoppen, who had never seen or heard of the man—the German had had occasion to send word to his Italian friend that "that swine D. has given me the Nice forts." Colonel Pannizzardi, in his turn, had had occasion to send a wire to Rome, in code, commenting on the Dreyfus Puzzle. Both these messages came into the hands of Colonel Henry, and Paty du Clam produced them as secret and utterly damning pieces of conviction at the court-martial.

(*Continued on page* 436)

THE MARTYR: Captain Alfred Dreyfus, whose personality was as great a curse to himself as to his country. It will be noted with interest that the sentries have turned their backs on Dreyfus

MAINLY FISH. — Holiday-season "fishy stories" pale beside fact if the claim of Berlin University professors that fish can learn to read is true. Experiments were made with twenty-two species of fish, who learned to distinguish colours by selecting favourite tit-bits from different-hued bags hung in the aquarium. Subsequently letters of the alphabet were attached to uniformly coloured bags, and the fish, so their savant "trainers" allege, even learned to distinguish "R" from "B."

Tree-climbing fishes are known in the Shonan District of Korea, Australia, and in the vicinity of the Yakae River in Japan, where they are known as "tobina" and resemble small grey mullets. Able to jump two or three feet at one bound, furnished by Nature with suckers under its fins, the tree-climbing fish jumps out of the water, hops along until it reaches a tree, leaps bound by bound up the tree, clinging by its suckers, finally perching securely in the branches.

In Japan, too, there is an ancient belief that eels are "long, irregular-shaped yams (tuber) that grow in the hills, then go in the sea and become unagi, or common eels."

Surfeited tame fish suffering from stomach-trouble threaten the popularity of Tanjo Temple Kominato in Japan, according to reports which simultaneously chronicle a conference to discuss the matter between the Temple priests, village officials, and the local fishermen's society. Tame sea-breams at Tainoura, responsive to hand-clapping and proffered food for centuries attracted visitors to the neighbouring Temple, which prospered greatly on account of its scaly flock. An extra heavy summer rush of visitors, too many and too-heavy meals, upset the fish. Ignoring hand-clapping or any other form of cajolery, they went on strike, and menaced the popularity of the Temple.

A tame infant whale is one of the trophies brought back to England on the *William Scoresby*, one of the two ships despatched in December, 1927, to Antarctic research and exploration by the *Discovery* Committee under the Colonial Office. It was trapped with its mother and tamed by hand-feeding.

"SILVER-TONGUE."—M. Aristide Briand, bachelor, bohemian, "The Man of a Thousand Loves," as a friend of his once characterized him to me in Geneva, is spoken of in Paris as one of the candidates for the Presidency of the Republic of France at the next election.

The last of the truly great bachelor-statesmen of to-day. Asked why he had never married, his answer is said to have some similarity with that of a well-known Italian diplomat, whom, at a big reception in Cairo, I heard answer the same question with "Why should I? All my friends are married."

With bent back and shoulders as if he were Atlas carrying the Globe, few teeth, wonderful shock of iron-grey hair, sartorially the very opposite of the foreigner's idea of the elegant Frenchman, M. Briand possesses charm of personality, a magnetism, and a Gallic wit surpassing that of any statesman who has come to Geneva since the creation of the League of Nations. Whether it is the hypnotism of his eyes or the magic of an unusual voice that lures women's admiration and sways men in the heat of parliamentary battles, none of his friends have ever been able to explain to me.

Now in the middle sixties, he is ten years older in appearance. He looks as if he had stepped out of some old French print of the early part of last century.

Briand began his political career as a Socialist. Early he learned that in politics words deftly used by an artistically modulated voice are the best means of impressing the masses, Parliament, or even a League of Nations.

There is nothing of the "Tiger" about Briand. He fights if he must, but he fights in his own peculiar way, which rarely takes on the aspects of "fight." Briand is perhaps the best speaker in France, not even excepting Paul Boncour.

I know of no statesman who has left a greater impression the history of Europe since 1920 than M. Briand. He is, I believe, the only one of prominent living French statesmen to-day upon whom the Grand Cross and Cordon of the Legion of Honour has not been conferred. Questioned once as to why he did not have that distinction coveted by all Frenchmen, he is said to have replied, "Because I am nearly all the time Foreign Minister, and I can hardly be expected to decorate myself with the Legion of Honour!"

Briand has done more than any other Frenchman to correct some of the mistakes made in the Peace of Versailles. His vision of France's future greatness is through peace, not war.

President of the Republic would seem to be a fitting public reward to his career.

"THREE GRACES."—Four "Leading Ladies" hold the stage in the royal drama, some say comic opera, now being presented to the world by Roumania. Each one of them—Queen Marie, Princess Helen, Zizi Lambrino, Ellen Lupescu—will go down in history as beautiful women romantically caught in the coils of political intrigue, love, duty, and heart-break. The glittering thread of King Carol's destiny has been handled by each in turn. Future generations will weave glamorous fiction dramas, movies, and legends about King Carol and his three Graces. But up to

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

now the real story of Carol's sensational departure from Roumania has never been told. Behind his spectacular return by aeroplane and his dramatic assumption of Crown and Throne is another untold romance. Romance of patient waiting, of intrigues, planning, plotting, and counter-plotting—of spies and secret services, of national and

THE SILVER TONGUE OF POST-WAR EUROPE: M. Aristide Briand, who has more influence at the League than any other individual

international diplomatic and political currents, flirting with Rome and with Paris, such as even E. Phillips Oppenheim could hardly imagine for a novel.

Though Love may have been sweet, loyalty and constancy until then almost unknown to him, Carol did not renounce Crown and Throne just for Madame Lupescu, the Titian-haired beauty. Nor did Madame Lupescu deliberately hold him back from returning to his country.

I talked with Prince Carol—as he was then—in Milan the day after he and Madame Lupescu arrived in Milan from Bucharest. He had promised himself, or others, that he would not "see"

"ONLY A FRIEND . . .": Mme Ellen Lupescu, whose "vampire-rôle" is the product of a too-cinema-minded world and not of her own personality

any journalists. But he could, and did, talk to me several times over the telephone, stopping, as we were, in the same hotel. Madame Lupescu also refused to see anyone, but sent me several hand-written notes. Later I saw and talked with both Prince Carol and Madame Lupescu in Paris. I felt then that Ellen Lupescu would never really be known by her generation. In fact she still remains the "mystery woman" of the drama, as played yesterday and staged for to-morrow.

FRIENDSHIP A JEWEL. . .—She frankly discussed with me her friendship with Prince Carol. "I am his friend, pal, and comrade in exile," she said. "I am neither a siren, a Circe, nor a vampire. I am only a loyal friend, and not an obstacle to Prince Carol's allegiance to duty. I did not drag him from the throne, nor am I holding him back from being king," she repeated over and over again. In my presence she urged him to think of his duty to his country and his people. Prince Carol impressed me at that time as impulsive, and still somewhat immature. Madame Lupescu is the stronger character of the two.

On one occasion, after the Prince had left the room and we were alone, Ellen Lupescu burst into a torrent of confession.

"How I have suffered! What I have gone through! The mental torture, the degradation, the injustice! It has hurt me more for the sake of Prince Carol than for my own sake, because I know that his enemies are using me and my sincere friendship against him."

Madame Lupescu always vehemently denied the allegations that her influence was "rocking the throne of Roumania," and dwelt upon her devotion to his interests and welfare.

"Is it not so that friendship is greater than so-called love? The one is all sacrifice and confidence—the other so often nothing but selfishness."

"Friendship, ah! It is safe for a whole life-time," she told me on the eve of one of those frequently-recurring crises in Prince Carol's earlier attempts to regain the throne. "Friendship grows more strong with the years."

I have often hoped for her sake that she is right. And I have a feeling that King Carol will be a better king for his exile. His association with high-hearted Ellen Lupescu has not harmed him.

A Roumanian Parliament at the behest of his father stripped him of royal rank, prerogatives, even of his name. Another Roumanian Parliament just as readily restored all. The true reasons of the first, the causes of the latter, will be interesting reading if the truth is ever made public.

JAPAN'S FISHERMEN MUST FISH. News that the Soviet Government has finally agreed to abolish the regulation prohibiting fishing by Japanese within a thousand metres off the coast should avert what was threatening to develop into yet another explosive situation in that political maelstrom in North-East Asia.

Outside the two countries involved there has been little realization of the dangerous tension existing between Soviet Russia and avowedly anti-Communist Japan over fishing rights along those bleak Northern coasts. Within the last few months Baron Sakatani had gone so far as to declare in the Diet that "if Russia does not observe the Fisheries Treaty it may mean that we shall be obliged as a last resort to take freedom of action even to the extent of protecting our fishermen by warships."

Japan's fishery interests were originally obtained by the Portsmouth Treaty, and renewed by further Treaty with Soviet Russia.

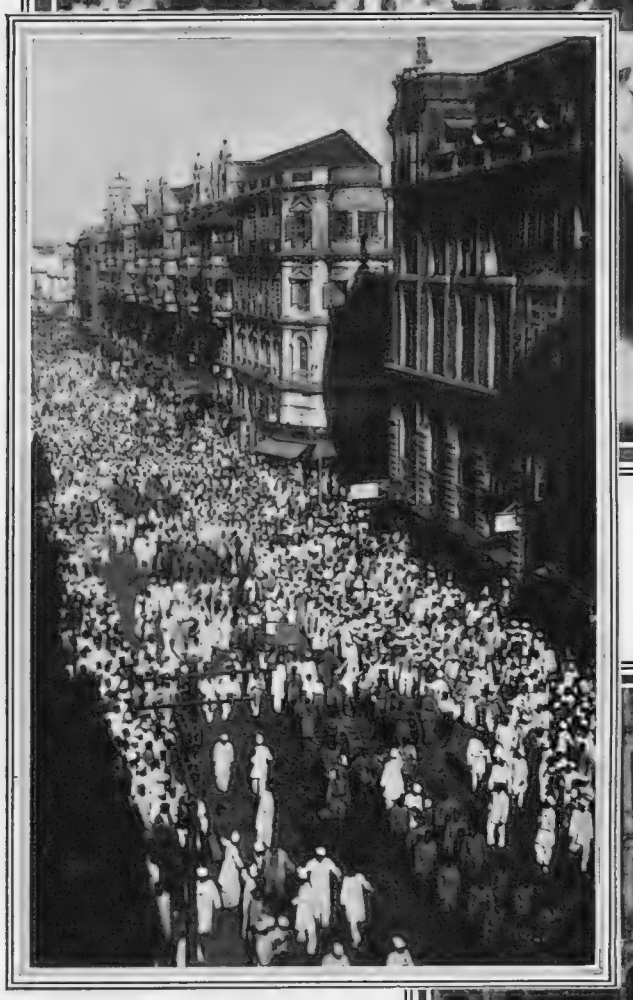
With one knot of coastline to each square mile of land area, Japanese fishermen numbering approximately one-third of the total number of fishermen in the world to-day, and 80 to 90 per cent. of the nation's animal food being fish and shell-fish, it is small wonder that Japan attaches such supreme importance to her fishing industry, the rights, privileges, and traditions thereof.

According to the latest statistics available, which are already nearly three years old, the Japanese fishing industry employs some 1,500,000 fisherfolk operating 333,757 non-motor craft, and 20,797 craft equipped with gas or steam engines. Value of the annual catch is estimated at some £22,913,831.

One of the most important festivals in Japan is in honour of Three Fishermen who lived a thousand years ago. It is held in May, around the Kwannon Temple of Asakusa, Tokio's chief centre of Buddhist worship, and one of the most popular temples in the land.

AN INDIAN PROBLEM VISUALIZED

A COIGN OF VANTAGE: The top of a tramcar was avidly seized upon by enthusiastic and sympathetic spectators of the All-India Political Prisoners' Day procession



BOYCOTT IN BOMBAY: A native correspondent when sending the above picture writes that it shows "one of the huge numerous processions of non-co-operators in the city of Bombay during the boycott week. Note the khaki-clad recruit to the national work." "Sphere" readers will also doubtless note these khaki-clad recruits; they are in the centre foreground of the picture

INDIA'S THRONGS: The huge crowd in Hornby Road, Bombay

THE APPLICATION OF THE TILA MARK: A scene common in India after the holy ablution on Talyari Purnima Festival, known colloquially as Coconut Day. The vendor of the marks applies the Tila mark to the forehead with practised gesture

Recent news from India has shown that two sides of that great continent have been viewing one another somewhat critically; Calcutta especially has been viewing the lawless condition of Bombay with grave concern. During a recent meeting of the European Association of Calcutta comments were made upon the comparative quietude of that city, which has been largely due to the efficient work of Sir Charles Tegart, the Police Commissioner. There were cries of "What about Bombay?" The opinion has recently been openly expressed that the great city of Bombay has not been efficiently governed for some time past. It is this same European Association, or rather a section of it, which has given voice to its feeling of dissatisfaction with existing conditions in India in an amendment which ran as follows: "That it is essential that seditious propaganda and unconstitutional agitation should be dealt with firmly and for all, and that measures with regard to political advancement should meantime be postponed." The seething condition of Bombay is shown in the photographs reproduced here.

IN THE SEA KING'S GARDEN: An enchanting summer vision in a tiny Devon inlet

ON ENGLAND'S RIVIERA: Two ardent joyers in the heat-wave clamber over the rocks of Anstey's Cove

A Camera Study by PROFESSOR H. BAYER

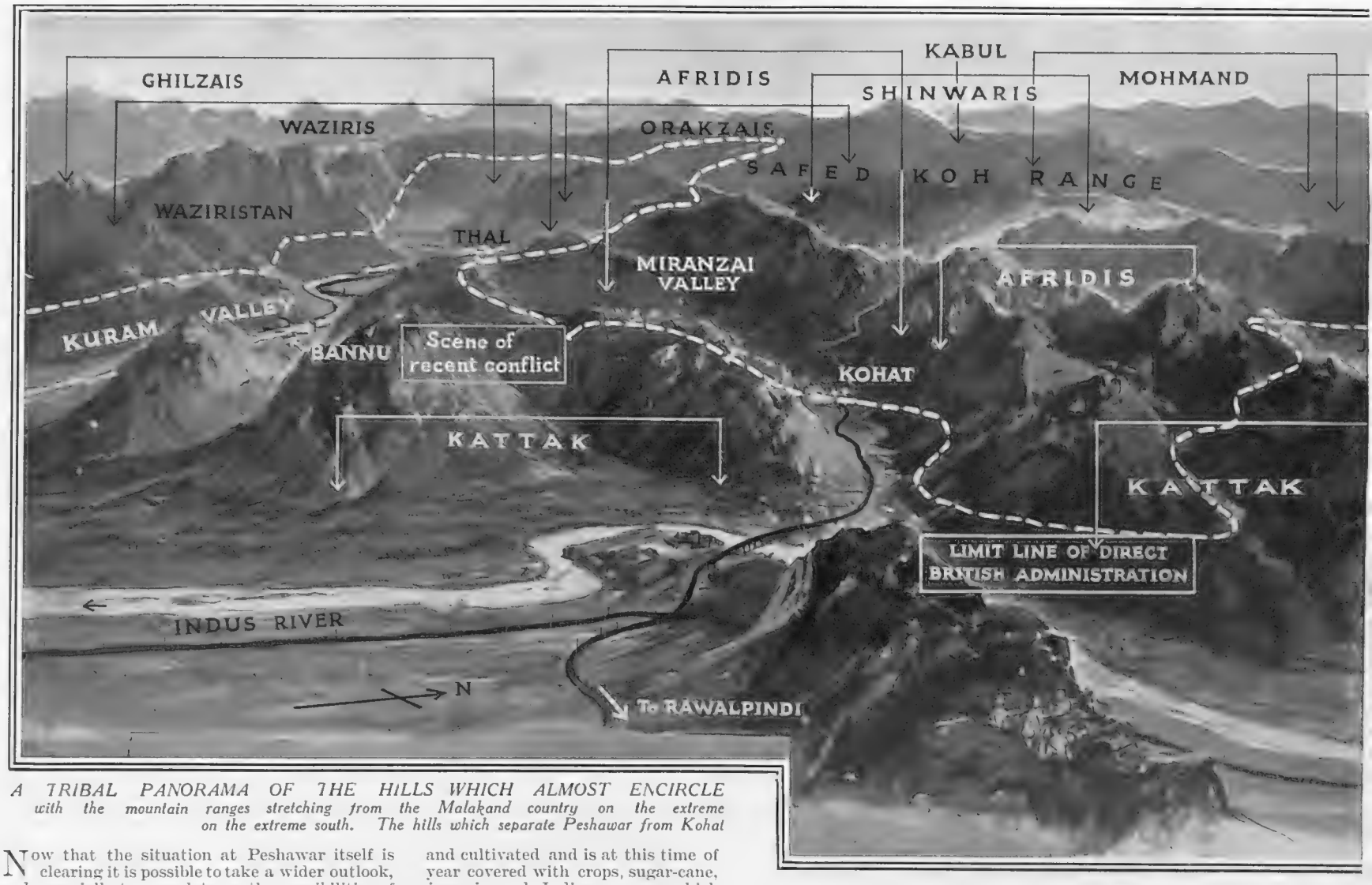
"SHINGLE" — IN TWO SENSES: A moment during the beach craze of to-day — sun-bathing

MERMAIDS of TO-DAY

who Haunt the Sea-pools of the South

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO.(OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LIMITED.

The PROBLEM of INDIA'S GATEWAY:



A TRIBAL PANORAMA OF THE HILLS WHICH ALMOST ENCIRCLE with the mountain ranges stretching from the Malakand country on the extreme on the extreme south. The hills which separate Peshawar from Kohat

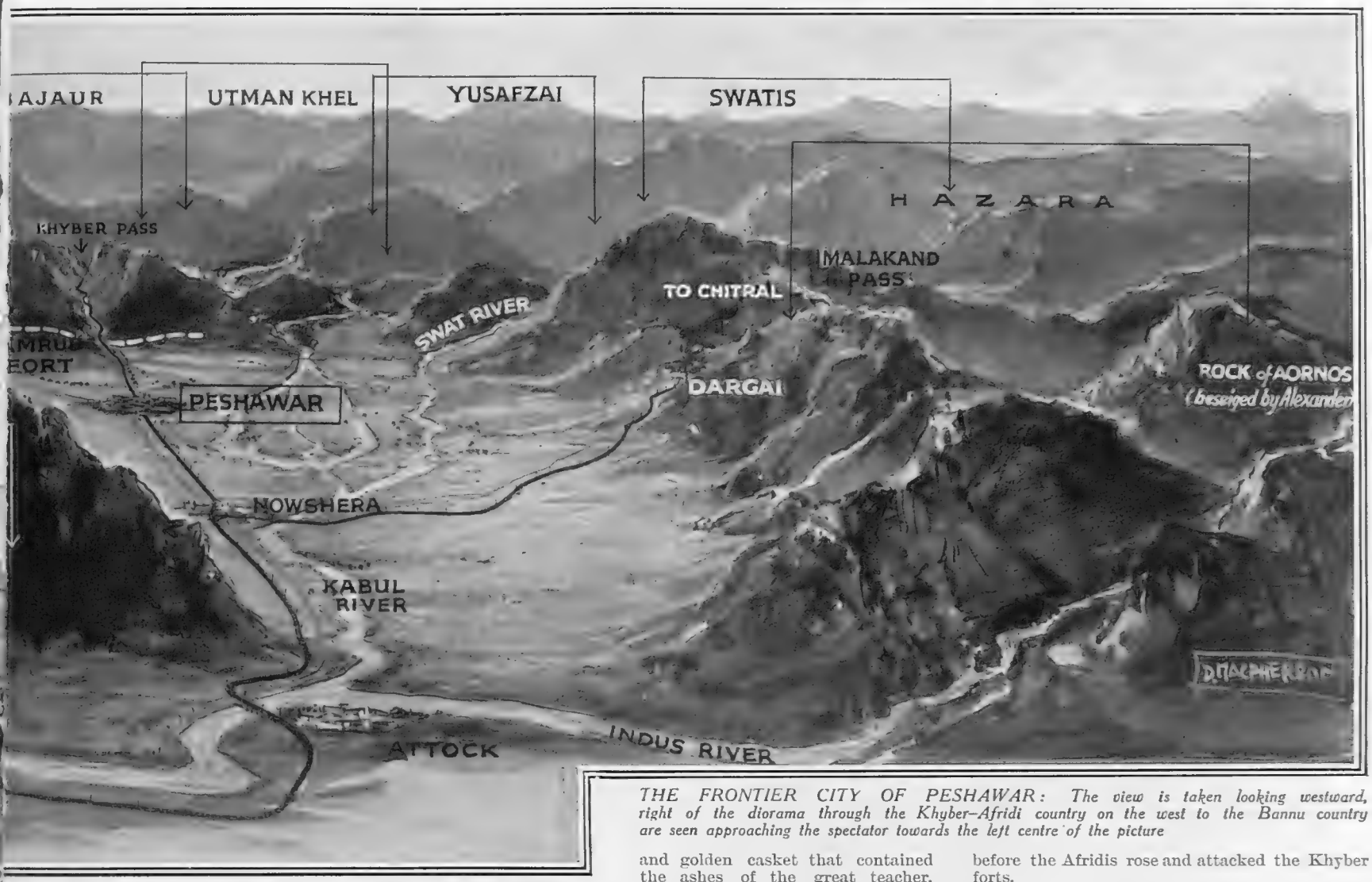
Now that the situation at Peshawar itself is clearing it is possible to take a wider outlook, and especially to speculate on the possibilities of the next few weeks. Are we to have the whole Frontier ablaze on our hands as in the eventful summer of 1897? or will this curious hysterical trouble cease when the Afridis carry back their dead and their wounds to their grim wives in the Tirah, fitly chastised for their unprecedented impertinence. The geography of this part of the world is always puzzling, not only to folk in England but to those in India who have never crossed the Indus. All Frontier geography must begin with that mighty river, the Sind, the river of India. Born of the inner Himalaya, fed from the glaciers of Skardu, of Baltistan, and of Ladakh, it bursts from its deep-scarred gorges in the mountains known as the Indus Kohistan into open country twenty miles above Attock. Attock is the ancient crossing-place where the trade routes from Central Asia by Kabul and Peshawar enter India. Opposite the old crossing there has stood for many a hundred years a great fortress, now held by a British garrison. The Kabul River joins the Indus a mile or two above the fortress. Forty miles due west of Attock, close to this river, lies the ancient Buddhist city and trading-centre of Peshawar, and along the right bank runs a great spur of the Afghan Hills which furnishes the alley-way by which raiding tribes have attacked the railway line. The great main railway from India crosses the Indus by the doubled-decked, thrice-fortified bridge a mile below Attock, and runs to Peshawar between the Kabul River and the said hills. North of the Kabul River is a strip of flat country known as the Euzufzai Plain (the Plain of the Sons of Joseph). This plain, watered and irrigated by the waters of the Kabul and Swat rivers, is extremely productive. It is surrounded by a great ring of mountains which curl round the plain across the Kabul River and the mouths of the Khyber some ten miles west of Peshawar and then come round by the mouth of the Bara Valley and curve in round south and even east of Peshawar. The valley round the city and military station is highly irrigated and cultivated and is at this time of year covered with crops, sugar-cane, *jowari*, and Indian corn, which stands more than man high. It is this that makes it impossible to ascertain how many thousands or hundreds of tribesmen are lurking in the vast network of fields and orchards, and also makes bomb-dropping of so little avail, and military action so hard to concert.

To follow the situation in which the military commander has found himself, and see something of the perplexities which the decay of civil government and the dragging of British prestige in the mud have involved him in, let us climb with General Godwin to the high bastion of the citadel of Peshawar, the old Mogul Fortress which the British have improved, and look out on the strange vista as he and his staff must have done anxiously during the last few weeks. We shall see with his eyes a striking panorama and an exciting vista of possibilities. If it were winter time, or even now if there has been a

PESHAWAR OCCUPIES THE CENTRE OF THE VIEW:

PRIMITIVE BASTIONS: A fortified village in the Kohat-Peshawar Pass—one of the strong points of the pass

Hill-girt Peshawar Described by Lieut.-General SIR GEORGE MacMUNN



Drawn for "The Sphere" by D. MACPHERSON

Fort Attock, recently described in "The Sphere," is in the foreground

THE FRONTIER CITY OF PESHAWAR: The view is taken looking westward, right of the diorama through the Khyber–Afridi country on the west to the Bannu country are seen approaching the spectator towards the left centre of the picture

KABUL BOUND: A caravan traverses the Khyber en route for Afghanistan's now firmly-governed capital

thunderstorm, we shall see a ring of vast mountains, raw red and scarred at high noon, cobalt and madder at sunset, and behind them a high fringe of snows and that great wall of the Sufed Koh, or White Mountain, behind which lie Jallalabad and Kabul. North, south, east, and west the mountains circle us, and only if we are shrewd shall we see where the railway back to India winds between us and the more distant hills.

If the summer pea-soup haze be down, with its vast sense of oppression, it is little enough that we shall see at all. We will assume that the air is clear, and below us to the north we shall see the great evil city, full of thieves and panders born of 3,000 years of war and trade, full also of wealthy merchants, of camel and horse-dealers' yards, where the "Persian pussy-cats spit on the bales" and half Asia gossips of its concerns, and of Russ and Chinese. There, too, lies the garden of the Sikh Governor-General Avitabile, who ruled with a gallows at each corner, handsomely tasselled. Below to the left, fringed with parade grounds that in some sort form a glacis, lies the military cantonment, and around lie the heavy fields and thick pomegranate groves and orchards in a network which conceals the Afridis invaders. Round the outskirts of the city are grey mounds that cover remnants of the Buddhist days, and perhaps the cantonments of Alexander of Macedon. Twenty years ago in one of those very mounds Dr. Spooner found the alabaster case and golden casket that contained the ashes of the great teacher, found them by following the itineraries of the Chinese pilgrims who recorded the fact fourteen hundred years ago.

Then he will first look due west to the frowning portals of the Khyber, up which now winds the railway to the up-land plain of Landi Kotal on the far side of the pass. There the Afridis have not yet attacked the posts that their own militia hold, but immediately to the left he will see the massive hills of the Afridi Tirah whence his friends have descended. Farther round still will lie the Bara Valley where the Afridi *lashkars* gathered, protected by caves from too insistent bombers, and over it the white wall of the Sufed Koh aforesaid. Beyond them and more to the left the hills of the Orakzai Tirah, a separate group of clans who are even now threatening Kohat, and who if they come out *en masse* will be another hard nut to crack, then due south he will see the cart-road climbing up the pass that leads to the frontier town of Kohat. The pass and the hills to the east of it are occupied by the Jowakis, a section of the clan which have little in common, and have not given serious trouble for over fifty years. So much for the southern vista, mountain upon mountain, ridge upon ridge, all full of trouble, raw, relentless trouble for a folk whose hands cannot keep their heads, and ready enough to yield to good hard knocks. But half the possible trouble lies in the vista to the right, to the north of the Khyber, where first we look out to the Shubkadr battlefield and the oft-tried frontier posts of Michni and Abazai.

In this ring of hills dwell the group of Mohmand clans, half of whom lie within the Afghan boundary and are twice as hard to manage therefor. A few weeks ago when that child of Hot Air and Laissez Aller added to a little local grievance, the Red Shirt movement was at its height, the Turangzai Khan and his mullahs started a John Bull baiting, and assembled a *lashkar* to give the revolutionaries god-speed. Troops and 'planes proceeded to argue the point with them, and the Mohmands for the moment are more thoughtful. Their cave habitats however protected them from bomb and shell to a considerable extent. General Godwin may well wonder if more of that group of clans, those yet not concerned, are also to be on his hands. In 1897 Sir Edmund Elles had them down in the plains, before the Afridis rose and attacked the Khyber forts.

But that is not the whole of it, for he will see the Swat Valley coming through the hills, and beyond that the range of the Malakand, where his garrison looks down on the Swat River, plenty of trouble there if the tribes be so minded. It was thence, where later ran the still existent Græco-Bactrian road, that the Macedonian army entered India, and it is there that ruins of the Græco-Bactrian settlements lie so thick to this day, the friezes and the carvings, the pipe-and-tabor girls, and the like. And yet another trouble as we look with his eyes and scan the hills which still rise across the Euzufzai Plain, above which towers the Rock of Aornos in the Kohistan stormed by Alexander and recently located by Sir Aurel Stein. Here lies the Umbeyla Pass with its memories of 'sixty-three and 'ninety-seven, when Swat and Bajaur and Buner poured forth their thousand to the piping of that strange colony of implacables from Hindustani Patma, smoked out more than once but apt to re-form. It was a thorn in the sides of the Sikhs before us.

Seventy thousand tribesmen lie waiting and wondering within the ring of hills we gaze on quite apart from all the pother in the Miranzai Valley, Kohat, and Kurram, which is simmering not many miles to the south.

And as the General looks forth on his command he will see the roads radiating like the spokes of a wheel below him, with his columns of horse, foot, and artillery endeavouring to dig out the Afridis from copse and orchard, or planning some *straafe* as soon as he can flush them. The Afridi who has fled with a lance point close to his back and a Sikh horseman shouting *Khalsa ka futteh! Sin kar ka futtah!* (Victory to Sikhdom! Victory to the Government!) behind him, will sleep uneasily for a while even if his legs save him.

THE APEX OF THE GATE: The fort on the highest point of the Kohat-Peshawar Pass—the gateway of India

IN THE BLUE GUMS' AZURE SHADE

An Australian Bush Picnic

Recorded by **F. MATANIA**

One of the most lasting impressions the visitor carries away from Australia is of its magnificent forests and woods, or "bush" as they are called, and the Australian's love for his trees, which finds expression in the camping or picnicking phase of his constant outdoor life, excites little wonder. Every week-end hundreds of city folk and tourists motor or "hike" off to the bush-clad hills and mountains, there to pitch their tents or merely to boil the "billy" and picnic in the sylvan surroundings. Although Australia has some native plants which exist in South Africa, New Guinea, and the Malay Archipelago, which supports geological evidence that Australia was once linked to Africa and Asia,

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most of the 10,000 species existing are found nowhere else in the world. Forms which may be recognized as tulip, lily, honeysuckle, and fern take on a surprising aspect. They are not flowers, but trees, and the landscape of which they form part reminds one of the hypothetical representations in science books of a landscape of Mesozoic time. The trees are indeed those of a bygone age. In America and Europe shadowy forms of fossil leaves of strange plant species are gathered from the rock and studied with interest; in Australia many of these ancient trees are still living. Hence the enthusiasm of Sir Joseph Banks when he landed with Captain Cook, in 1770, and witnessed the amazing variety of vegetable life; Sir Joseph said to Captain Cook that the only possible name for the inlet was Botany Bay. Since then pen and pigment have made the Australian bush deservedly famous. Stately giant eucalyptus, or, more familiarly, gum trees—more than 300 varieties of them—that shed their bark but not their leaves and attain a height in some cases of 300 feet, are the keynote of these immense forests, that, so far from being damp, deeply shaded, and all of one species, are well lighted and filled with shorter forests of wattles, tree-ferns, and other varieties of vegetation which combine to produce an effect of overwhelming beauty. Further Australian notes appear on a later page.

INTO THE HOGGAR
and their Unveiled

MEASURELESS MILES OF SAND: The track through the desert taken by the Expedition

Our intention was to make for Tamanrasset, the headquarters of the Compagnie Saharienne du Hoggar, to explore some botanically unknown region of the Hoggar Mountains in the very centre of the Sahara, halfway between the Mediterranean and the mouth of the Niger, and perhaps to continue as far south as the Adrar des Iforas.

We left Algiers towards the end of February in two 10-h.p. Sahara-type Caminette Delahaye cars fitted with very large Dunlop balloon tyres. These cars, a year before, had been to Lake Chad and back with Prince Sixte de Bourbon. An icy wind was blowing over the Atlas Mountains. Our engines, fresh from being overhauled at the works, were giving a little trouble, so that we decided to spend the first night at Berrouaghia,

GARBED TO KEEP OUT THE SUN: An Arab family at In Saleh—which the French have named "Le Nombril du Sahara"—in their best clothes, on the last day of Ramadan

only eighty-five miles from Algiers. When we awoke in the morning snow was falling and the passes over the mountains were blocked. Snow fell all day and trains were derailed. After three days we took the cars twenty-five miles by railway to Boghari, where there had been no snow.

There are 266 miles of excellent road across the flat sheep country of the Haut Plateau, through Djelfa, in the country of the Ouled Naïl and centre of the alfa grass industry, over the Saharan Atlas, and down its gentle southern slopes to the beautiful oasis of Laghouat. Here the whole aspect of the country is different. The last French villages, churches,

"FORMS FANTASTIC IN THE SAND": Strange mountain formations in the Hoggar which spring with precipitous outline from the plain

and war memorials have been left behind. The climate, light, and vegetation have changed. At last we were really in Africa!

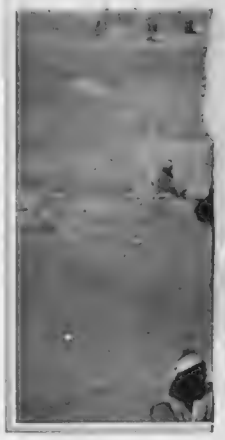
The road from Laghouat follows the telegraph wires across stony plains covered with dwarfed shrubs—sheep country still, but not for long. Soon we reached the bare brown plateau of the Chebka, intersected by a network of valleys or oueds. In one of these valleys we passed the little oasis and neat Mozabite town of Berriane, and finally, 125 miles from Laghouat, we came to the valley of the M'zab and Ghardaïa, principal of the seven holy cities of the Mozabites.

The Mozabites have a language and religion of their own. They have been called the Quakers of Islam. As heretics they were first expelled from the fertile plains of the Tell—they settled in the country around Ouargla, and

COOLING OFF: The cars are turned towards the N.W. trade wind

were driven from there in the eleventh century—then it was that they took refuge in the Chebka. With infinite patience and industry they set to work and have built five of their seven towns in the M'zab, where there are now over 3,000 wells and several hundred thousand date palms.

The water is bitter in the M'zab, and the wells are deep. Donkeys, harnessed to an ingenious system of ropes and pulley-wheels, are used for drawing the water, which is released through a long spout at the base of a leather bucket each time the donkey has reached the end of its path (which slopes gently downhill to a point about 20 ft. from the well-head) and the bucket has risen to the top. Every evening, when the brown slopes of the Chebka are bathed in a rosy light and little children and donkeys roll and play in the sand, the valley is alive with a pleasant song; the olive wood wheels of the wells are squeaking round. There has been no rainfall to register for the last eight years in the M'zab. The people are drawing water for the night.



A PICTURESQUE

Many Mozabites go north to make money in commerce, but by the laws of their religion they must return to their own country once in every two years—whilst the women may never leave home.

At Beni Isguen, the most sacred of the Mozabite cities, where a Christian woman may not remain after sunset, and it is forbidden to smoke, there is a market every afternoon. The wealthy richly-dressed Mozabites—and many of them are reputed to be millionaires in francs—sit peacefully talking to each other all round the square, and call or signal for anything they may wish to examine at close quarters. Without disturbing themselves they quietly and mysteriously bargain and buy.

As we left Ghardaïa one morning before sunrise we lost the track in the dark, and found ourselves under the walls of Beni Isguen. We asked a gatekeeper for the way to El Goléa. He waved us aside, answering in Arabic, "I know not the infidels—the Rumi."

Yet the Mozabites are a civil and friendly people. They welcomed the French Occupation because they knew it would profit them. Their wish is to be left in peace to do business, cultivate their gardens, and preserve their faith.

NOBLE AND PEASANT: On the left an aristocratic Targuia (Touare woman); on the right a working woman

nere Dwell the Veiled Touaregs

Vomen : The Record of a Recent Private Expedition to Tamanrasset

There are no telegraph wires after Ghardaïa. The track, marked by little cairns and a *borne* every 5 kilometres, winds its way across the Chebka into the vast Chamba country and a region of sand dunes bordering the Grand Erg Occidental, a golden sea of sand the size of France. In 220 miles we passed nothing except a German legionary with a few men working on the track, a small Arab caravan, a vulture feeding on the carcass of a camel, some birds and insects, and a few gazelle.

As we ran into El Goléa in the evening the acacias and orange blossom smelt very sweet. Everywhere in that Saharan garden is the gurgle of running water. There are cypress, eucalyptus, and even the Aleppo pine to shade the streets. Orange, tangerine, lemon, and cedrat trees were flowering and bearing fruit. Lilac and apricot trees were in bloom in the gardens, and huge sweet-scented tea roses. Strawberries were ripening, there were violets and hyacinths in the shade, and all the vegetables of France.

Fort Miribel, ninety miles from El Goléa, is a bordj or disused fort where rooms may now be obtained. In the courtyard in the centre of a bordj there is always a well. Below the bordj in the oued, where there are two or three palm trees and some clumps of broom, we shot a few sand grouse.

DESERT SCENE: Lieutenant Darque and his "gomme" at Silet

After Fort Miribel we crossed the dreadful Tademaït plateau ; flat, black, and utterly barren. Then we crept steeply down into rocky river beds where a thorny acacia and other African plants indicated a change in the type of vegetation.

Nearly 900 miles from the Algerian coast is In Salah, Le Nombril du Sahara, a picturesque mud-built town vhich, with its oases of date palms, is gradually being vallowed up by the sand creeping on it from hundreds miles on every side. Its entire native population—id their wretched little donkeys—live on dates. Only ae richer people are able to vary their meals with chicken nd *conscons* prepared from the barley grown under the alms. French soldiers grow a few onions and radishes, ut there are none of the oranges of El Goléo.

We hunted a mouflon when we reached Tadjmont in ie evening among the purple mountains, and later we ound ourselves in the deep gorges of Arak in the dark, vith a bright path of stars between the cliffs overhead. We thought we had missed the bordj, but the guardian nad seen our lights and had sent out an Arab with a lantern to guide us.

The track is skilfully engineered through these picturesque gorges crossing and recrossing the oued, green stream of waving tamarisk trees and tall grass. It climbs out of the gorges into a country of rocks and oueds and sandy plains filled with gazelle. At In Eker, a solitary bordj, 4,000 ft. up at the foot of an unnamed mountain 350 miles from In Salah, the Hoggar has begun. Tamanrasset is little more than 100 miles away.

We were greeted with the same kindness and hospitality which we had met before at In Salah, by the officers at Fort Laperrine and by the captain in command of the Cie Saharienne du Hoggar. If Tamanrasset ever becomes the market of the Sahara, and the Touareg, deprived of their ancient likelihood of brigandage but provided with a better occupation, retain the finer characteristics of their race uncontaminated by contact with our Western civilization, it will be thanks to the untiring and devoted efforts of Captain Jean.

We drank Arab tea with the same ceremony as in the north with the Amenokal, the gigantic king of the Hoggar, who is over 6½-ft. tall and weighs about 20 stone. Like every Touareg, he wears the black veil which conceals the head except for the eyes. As he lifted it from beneath to drink his tea we caught a glimpse of a black beard tinged with grey. He speaks no language but Tamahack, the language of the Touareg, but in preparation

FORT MIRIBEL: In the foreground is the group of Cottin-Desgouttes cars of the Rallye Saharien returning from the Niger

for his visit to Algiers for the Algerian Centenary Celebrations he had learnt to say—*merci beaucoup*. He was hoping to bring home many presents including a rifle (he is an excellent shot) and a motor-car. He loves driving about in a really noisy car as fast as it can be made to go. He confessed that he would like to go up in an aeroplane but that nothing would ever induce him to get into a boat.

The cloth, dark blue or black, in which the Touareg dress themselves almost entirely, is made in Birmingham and reaches the Hoggar with the caravans coming from the Soudan. It is not considered good unless the dye comes off readily on the fingers. The Touareg are not particularly dark-skinned but, especially their women (who are not veiled), they love to rub their faces with the dye.

The Touareg speak Tamahack and write Tifinar, which is the name of the written language. A man of their race is a Targui and a woman

(Continued on page 444)

AN UNVEILED MEMBER OF A VEILED TRIBE: An unveiled woman of the veiled Touaregs

Is that my GUINNESS?

GUINNESS GETS HOME

JHM · BATEMAN.

The ART of the HISTORICAL NOVEL

A Rebellion Against Mr. Arnold Bennett, and other Literary Matters of the Week

By CECIL ROBERTS

One has respect for a man who talks upon a craft of which he has proven himself a master. Mr. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard in any other age but this, when there are so many good books and so few capable of honestly praising them, would be famous as in the first rank of living writers of historical fiction. By *Here Comes an Old Sailor*, if not by three other romances of his, he has won through to a restricted recognition which is surely spreading despite the indifference of the pundits of the hour. I picked up his book therefore, *The Art and Practice of Historical Fiction* (Toulmin 10s. 6d.) with respect and anticipation.

I read it through, despite the most severe competition to which an author was ever subjected. The competition consisted of eighty in the shade, an old cottage whose oak beams were being placed when the Armada threatened England, an easy chair in a garden set amid the Oxfordshire hills, and no noise except the occasional dull thud of a ripe apple falling from my apple trees. Four sentinel poplars enmesh the stars at night. I am the latest occupant of a cottage embowered in privet, yew, and rose briars, with dormer windows and low red-tiled roofs, a cottage that is too real to seem real, and must have fallen out of a fairy tale by Hans Andersen. Even the well under the apple tree is real. For four hundred years the lost generations have drawn water from it. With all this around me, a blue sky above, an easy chair, and eighty in the shade, Mr. Sheppard held me—though at moments I wandered, to gather wisdom from the gardener busy with lavender and London pride, to look at the cottage from a new angle, to marvel at the dew scintillating like Burmese gems in the grass, to wonder indeed if it could all be true, and why I had been wandering round the earth for five years?

But to this reviewing business. I see Mr. Arnold Bennett has been saying that reviewing is a disastrous business for the novelist, which sounds as if he is getting tired of his weekly dispensation of tickets for immortality or oblivion. And yet he is very handsomely paid and kindly treated. He reviews one or two books only and authors and publishers meekly gather the crumbs of his praise and turn them into veritable loaves in the advertisement columns. The sheep who love a determined shepherd never doubt, by the faintest baa, that he is leading them into the greenest pastures, yet he dislikes the job. Is he, one wonders, getting tired of the sheep who, if they kicked just a little, would call forth his mastery? Well, here is Mr. Sheppard kicking, although he is by no means a sheep. He admires the Mr. Bennett who wrote *The Old Wives Tale*, but of the other Mr. Bennett "he has been concerning himself with matters on which his opinion is really not of much value or importance." I strongly suspect that Mr. Bennett's unquenchable common sense is bringing him to the same view. A promised new long novel may mark his liberation from the job of doorkeeper of Parnassus.

But I must get back to my task, and not let this article degenerate into a review of reviewers, which offers the richest of all material for setting a hornet's nest about one's ears. But I am still young enough to collect hornets. Awarding palms and taking the chair at book-of-the-month conclaves may come with declining energy.

Meanwhile, to the falling apples, and Mr. Sheppard on his craft. The book has a curious disorder, the author often repeats himself, but nothing can detract from his amazing grasp of his subject, his erudition, frankness, and ability to make a semi-technical subject into an absorbing discourse. He has much to say about the novelist's craft. In one matter he is trite. Every author seems to think it necessary to warn off other intending authors. After citing the dreadful, impoverished ends of fellow craftsmen, he utters an italicized *Don't!* Well, I never yet encountered a man who was not ready to prove that his own profession was the hardest and worst paid one in the world. I do not agree with Mr. Sheppard and the majority of my fellow scribes. To anyone with a burning desire to write, I say "Write," and the chance of reward is as good as in any other calling. I have worked as hard at the business of novel writing as any man, with no help and no chorus, no sudden fame or swollen circulation, no pundit suddenly rushing into type to declare that I was the greatest star in the stellar universe (how soon those stars set!) But if I had to start again I would start again the same way, with the same task. I loathe writing because I dislike work, but since man must work, I would sooner write than do anything else on the earth. Writing has provided me with a fair competence, taken me round the world, and brought me into favoured contact with the most interesting persons and places. I look at my fountain pen and call it blessed, and not the sourest critic will check its flow, nor the kindest increase it when the mood is off.

And what other profession, pray, enables a man, with no more luggage than a bottle of ink and a pad of paper, to winter in Egypt, spend the spring in Italy, or the autumn in Scotland, independent of office-stool, telephone, or time-sheet? I used to hear Joseph Conrad deplore his hard fate, yet the fact remains that after fifteen years' writing he was making over six thousand pounds a year. How many professions reward a man so well? But we are not all Arnold Bennetts or Conrads, it may be said. Well, no young writer can say that he may not prove better than either of these—and no profession in the world is worth tackling without a belief that one will rise to the top in it. So much for Mr. Sheppard's lament.

The delight of this book lies in the innumerable side tracks it opens. Mr. Sheppard's mind is so richly stored, and his opinions so individual that one constantly wants to break into argument. When, for instance, he confirmed my long-held opinion that George Eliot's *Romola* was historical rubbish, I said "Here is a man after my own heart," but a few pages later he fills me with dismay. He speaks of Flaubert's *Salammbo* as "one of the most notable historical novels of the world," this, in spite of having been to Carthage. How long will this solemn fraud go on taking in men through the glamour of its author's name. *Salammbo* is a sadistic nightmare, full of the most ludicrous errors—historical, archæological, geographical, astronomical. Flaubert muddled his sites, made the moon rise in the west, and plodded through a catalogue of museum disinterred details which he plastered together with no knowledge of their irrelativity. After this shock, Mr. Sheppard endears himself to me by praising that Spanish masterpiece *La Gloria de Don Ramiro* by Enrique Larreta, which has been admirably translated, and disgracefully ignored.

The mistakes of writers of historical fiction provide Mr. Sheppard with a delightful and lively chapter. He rightly refers to the dilemma in which the writer finds himself to-day, when history is being re-written, and nothing is really as we have been taught to believe, from Queen Victoria, whom Mr. Strachey made flirtatious, to the Queen of Sheba to whom Mr. Weigall gives hairy legs, not to mention Julius Cæsar, an effeminate young man, who waved his hair, rouged his cheeks, and powdered his nose like any modern typist.

Mr. Sheppard has no fears for the historical novel. He thinks *General Crack* by George Preedy is better than *Jew Süss*, in which I agree, and that Marjorie Bowen deserves to rank high. I have a strong suspicion that George Preedy and Miss Bowen are the same author. If I am wrong, I hope Miss Bowen will forgive me the compliment.

I wonder how many people now read the work of Maarten Maartens? I think very few, and despite the opinion expressed in *The Letters of Maarten Maartens* (Constable, 22s. 6d.—a unique figure, but why?) they will get fewer. It has always seemed to be that he was much overrated in his day, largely due to his great personal charm, the fact that he was a foreigner writing in English (which always stirs the English mind to loud praise, since we are an importing people) that he had a delightful château in Holland, and that Sir Edmund Gosse, who combined a passion for the aristocracy with a passion for letters, took him up.

There is certainly not a glimmer in these letters to reveal any special talent. They are amazingly dull, and not worth publishing. The only merit of the book lies in a delightful preface by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who also seems to have a little trouble in hiding his doubts about Maartens' achievement, and some characteristic letters from Barrie. I suppose Freud would declare that the latter suffers from mother fixation. It comes out in these letters and has certainly enriched literature. "It is up here I should like to receive you," he writes to Maartens from Thrums, "perhaps for a selfish reason, as I feel that I show to best advantage with one arm round my mother and she affecting to think it nonsense. That is my photograph with the disguise off."

A charming lovable man, a most serious artist, a true cosmopolitan, emerges from these letters, but they are devoid of any turn of phrase, penetrating sentence, or memorable observation. The best letter in the book is the memoir of a visit to Swinburne, at Putney. It is good to find "Q" in his preface deploring the craze of desperately modern critics for novels that have no narrative power—"with Proust to desiccate it all into anything that might go on happening to anyone endowed with an apparatus of sensitiveness and no will of his own."

A MASTER OF HIS CRAFT: Mr. A. T. Sheppard, whose book on "The Art and Practice of Historical Fiction" held the interest of "The Sphere's" reviewer even in the twin hearts of the heat wave and the country

Mr. Galsworthy writes a commendatory preface to Miss Henrietta Leslie's novel *Mrs. Fischer's War* (Jarrold. 7s. 6d.). Its theme is that of insanity, disguised as patriotism, that caused men and women to behave like fiends or lunatics towards their neighbours during the War. Mrs. Fischer was married to a gentle little German, Carl. Brought up in England, English in all his feeling, he escaped early from Germany, married in England, and became a happy family man. At the outbreak of war he was with his wife, holidaying in the Hartz mountains. Unhappily, he had never been naturalized, and at the frontier, returning to England with his wife, his honesty caused him to declare his nationality, whereupon he was conscripted in the German army, his wife, all unaware of the event travelling on to England.

The treatment she received from her fellow countrymen, as the wife of a German, is the main theme of the book. With the point of view, the incredible behaviour of humanity, the persecution, the narrowness that Miss Leslie portrays, I join the crusade she embarks on. The theme is a vital one, it offers splendid scope, but, despite Mr. Galsworthy's opinion, I do not feel that Miss Leslie has been equal to her task. She over emphasizes her propaganda and lacks subtlety in presenting the case of poor persecuted Mrs. Fischer. I find it impossible to believe that the Fischers, embarking on a German holiday on the eve of the War, and strongly warned against such an expedition, would prove so incredibly foolish as to remain walking in the woods quite oblivious of the outbreak of war. The coincidence of the very English soldier son, embittered by his father's conduct, meeting his father in the field, is permissible, since life is beyond the coincidence of fiction, but the situation is too deliberately strained in the attempt to emphasize the horror of Mrs. Fischer's position.

A certain amateurishness is betrayed now and again. Yet, the story is good enough to make one wish it had been bettered. The relation between Mrs. Fischer and her faithful maid is admirably portrayed.

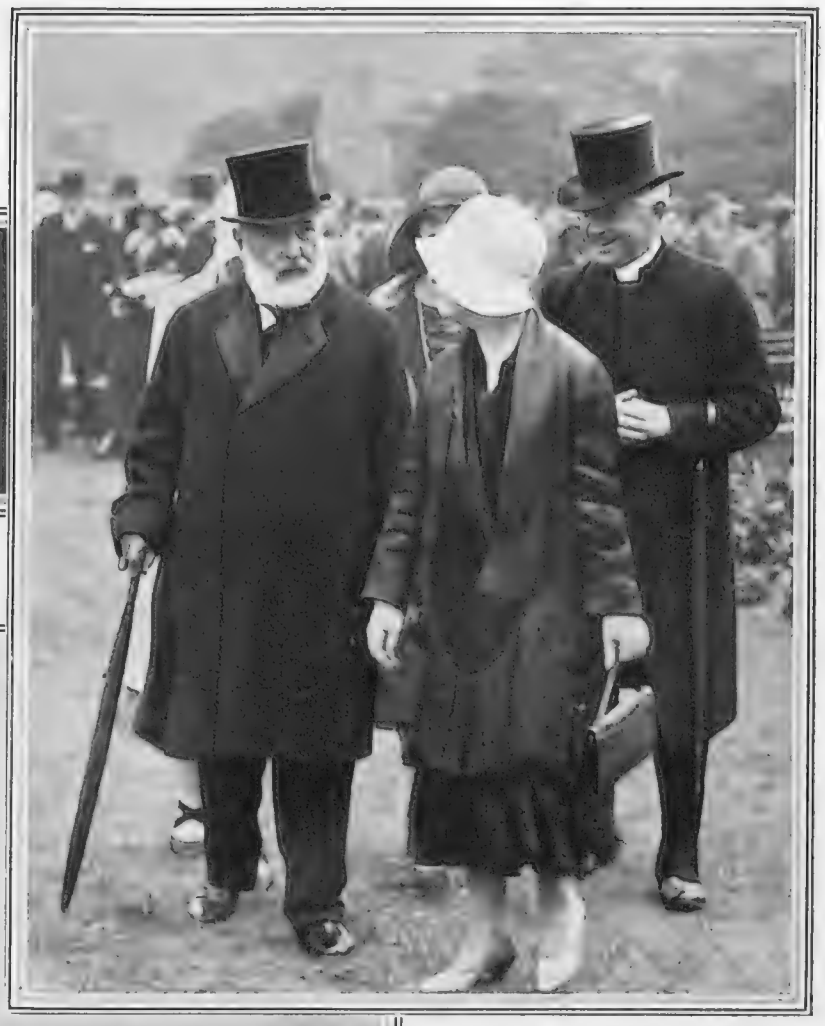
Mr. Caradoc Evans in his new novel, *Nothing to Pay* (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.), is perhaps a litle less vitriolic in his attack on the Welsh people he hates so well. But his theme is the old one, the loose living and religious fanaticism of the Welsh villagers, who rob, swear, and commit adultery with unmitigated and wearisome energy. Mr. Evans has crabbed his style into something that claims to be unique, based on the Old Testament narrative, but is in reality extremely abrupt and unreadable. One gets the sensation that one is walking over shingle beside an angry sea. It seems a pity that Mr. Evans should persist in being so mannered and so angry with his own people. He has a rugged force that brought him notice with *My People*. That force gave promise of beauty, but the promise is being dangerously delayed by this straining for mannerism. *Nothing to Pay* is the sordid story of a sordid person. Amos's lust for money was almost equalled by his lust of the flesh. Religious hyprocrisy, cruelty, greed, and depravity fill in the canvas, which has not a single pleasant character on it. Surely there are decent and pleasant folk in Wales? Surely Mr. Evans has talent enough to draw them?

Mr. Elmer Rice's novel, *A Voyage to Purilia* (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), has a bright idea. Some explorers set out on a voyage to a new planet. They find it strangely peculiar and strangely familiar. There is a disembodied voice that speaks in captions, everyone behaves as on the films, including close-ups and fade-outs. Purilia is indeed a Martian Hollywood, with screen mothers and damsels. "Weeping, knitting, and prolonged contemplation of the portraits or photographs of their absent children comprise almost the whole range of the activities of the Umbilicans." Then there are the Pudencians, whose outstanding characteristic is Virginity. It is a glorious farce, a Gulliver's Travels brought up to film-date.

THE EMERALD ISLE

Facets of Life in the Free State

THE NEW COINAGE OF THE FREE STATE: The copper coins derive their devices from the farmyard. The reverse of all coins (whose values are the same as ours) bears the stringed Harp of Ireland



IRELAND'S G.O.M.: Mr. Tim Healy with Mrs. O'Sullivan at the Cenotaph during the commemoration service to Collins, Griffith, and O'Higgins

A FREQUENT IRISH PILGRIMAGE: A scene at Knock, near Dublin. Some fifty years ago, says the devotional voice of tradition, The Blessed Virgin appeared at Knock, and ever since, especially in August, it has been a place of pilgrimage to the devout in the "Land of Saints," as Ireland is called with both truth and poetry

A CHAMPION OF THE SOUTHERN IRISH LOYALISTS: Lord Danesfort, who was born in Killarney and later became M.P. for York

IRELAND'S FIRST LEGALIZED SWEEPSTAKE: Lord Powerscourt, Chairman of the Committee, presents sweepstake tickets to foreign competitors in the Dublin Horse Show

Ireland has become enthusiastic about its first legalized Sweepstake—which has been organized for the Manchester November Handicap! In addition to securing the cordial approval of the Governor-General and the President of the Irish Free State, the organizers have the active co-operation of the Master of the Horse, the Earl of Granard; Viscount Powerscourt, who is chairman of the committee; and Lord Holmwood, together with a number of the foremost physicians connected with the Dublin hospitals. When the Act to legalize sweepstakes in Ireland was passed, the Irish Hospitals Trust was established, and it is under the ægis of this officially recognized body that sweeps will be organized on a large scale throughout the year.

"KNAPSACKERY" on the SURREY HILLS

The Growth of a New Habit — or Rather the Revival of an Old One which Characterized our Grandfathers in the Tramping Days of Good Victoria's Reign

TYROLEAN ENGLISH FOLK: *The corduroy shorts impart a Carinthian atmosphere to this little party. To picnic in a glade or on the turf high above the hurly-burly of the valley is a delight worth finding to-day*

'HIKERS" IN TOWN: *A party of young Dutch girls on a walking tour of England take in the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey en route*

SEEKING HEALTH IN THE SURREY HILLS: Walkers on Cobham Common

TYPICAL OF WATERLOO: *The grey-green knapsacks carried by "hikers" are in marked evidence in the terminus every Sunday*

The popularity of walking or "hiking," as it is, under the prevalent American influence, now termed, is amazingly on the increase. "Sabbath days journeys" are undertaken by the youth of both sexes, armed with knapsacks. Starting from Waterloo to the Surrey hills and commons, where they walk, either in clubs or in private companies, or alone, all day, to return by train at night.

PLEASANT PLAYS of the PASSING HOUR

"Cynara" at the Playhouse: "Let Us Be Gay" at the Lyric: Personalities in Comedy and Tragedy

Sasha

THE BEGINNING: Sir Gerald du Maurier, who plays in "Cynara" the Temptee to the Tempter of Mr. Campbell Gullan (the Hon. John Tring), meets unconventionally Miss Dorice Fordred (on right) and Miss Celia Johnson who proves irresistible to his desire, unresisting to his charm, fatal to his career, and hopeless in the conduct of her own life

Sasha

THE END: Sir Gerald du Maurier and Miss Celia Johnson in the scene in Hyde Park where he tells her his wife has returned—to hear later that she has committed suicide. A scene from "Cynara" at the Playhouse

Sasha

TRIANGLE: Miss Tallulah Bankhead, Miss Joan Matheson, and Mr. Arthur Margetson in the balcony scene in Act II in "Let Us Be Gay" at the Lyric

Pollard Crowther

THE LEAD AT THE OLD VIC.: Mr. John Gielgud, who will be again the leading man at this theatre whose season starts on September 13. Mr. Gielgud's range extends from "Hamlet" to "The Importance of Being Earnest"

Sasha

TO APPEAR IN "EVERGREEN": Jean Barry and Dave FitzGibbon, whose dancing at the Splendide has created a sensation, will be seen in the new Cochran show soon to be produced at the Pavilion

Rita Martin

STARRING IN "ELDORADO": Miss Mimi Crawford, one of the most talented and versatile of musical comedy actresses, plays the lead in the new venture at Daly's. Miss Crawford's "Alice in Wonderland" at the Vaudeville was an incarnation of Tenniel's drawings

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"
INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

CONTEMPORARY FURNITURE

The Beauty of Wood, the Glory of Form

By VIOLET KING

Perhaps one of the reasons why modern furniture has made itself so popular, and has come to stay, is because it has appeared in such a variety of woods and forms. Modern furniture definitely provides change because of the large number of Colonial timbers that are used in the making.

New Empire timbers have given modern designers the scope they wanted to show their originality, and the mixing of woods, varying of colours in inlays and bandings, staining and dyeing of delicate woods to form decoration on simply constructed pieces of furniture, have allowed the creation of elaborate schemes in yet the simplest forms.

Scientists, too, have been experimenting and discovering new and delightful effects which add greatly to the artistry of some of the modern furniture. Many of the new woods are chemically treated so that they allow a choice of shades of colour.

For those who prefer the wood left in the natural state there are pieces of furniture unstained, unpolished, and of really sound construction. These are usually in oak, the best kind coming from England, Austria, and America. This wood is the most durable. Wainscot oak shows the medullary rays but is somewhat coarse, the grain being open. Modern dining-rooms are often in weathered, limed, or burnished oak.

There are many ways of treating the same wood, and by mixing them the various effects are produced. Some of those used most frequently are Italian, French, and Australian walnut, also American. These woods are used for good furniture, and are really lasting. Mahogany, dark from Cuba, and light from Honduras, is another favourite, being of fine grain and hard. Sycamore, too, is used freely, its colour is naturally white, and it is close-grained and hard. Sycamore and pear are used together. Holly is much the same as sycamore, but perhaps a purer white, and used very much for inlays. Teak, the most durable wood for under water, or for exposed buildings, comes from Burma. Other timbers used are Hungarian ash, Andaman padauk, birch, pine, Kenya olive, satinwood, amboyna, sequoia pine, pear, ebony, Macassar ebony, chestnut, palissandre, often inlaid with tulip-wood obtained from the American tulip tree. Basswood (lime tree) and pink maple from Canada is sometimes used. Bird's-eye maple, sanara, from Africa, is used for veneering and is most effective.

At the moment, marble, metal, glass, and woods are the materials fashionable for furniture,

A bed-sitting room in walnut, showing how beautiful an inexpensive room may look. Modern lighting accentuates the lovely greens and golds in curtains and divan

The graining of this door is a typical example of the art of the modern craftsman

Another view of the room designed by S. Chermayeff of Waring and Gillows. When a bookshelf is empty it is turned round to show the back. Mirrors add space and reflect light

but there is a warmth about wood that is never found in other mediums—about its feel and colouring, and the knowledge that it improves with age adds to its charm.

One of the new ways of treating table tops, when the table is made of a valuable wood, is to have a detachable top of a cheaper wood, and have it silver-leafed or gold-leafed. This forms a most decorative ground for delicate glass or china, and also preserves the table itself.

Much of the new furniture is bought in sections, and is so designed that one can almost build one's room in walnut bricks, and change it about, or add to it when in the mood. Pieces of furniture are purely architectural nowadays, as shown in the illustrations, and the idea that modern furniture is expensive is proved wrong, when one finds a complete bed-sitting room, in the newest design, can be obtained for under a hundred pounds.

There are also very delicate schemes worked out in other woods, and for those who want novelties there are tables with ground glass legs, chimney-pieces of marble flush with the walls, which may be covered with unbleached silk, satin, or canvas, if not wood.

A beautiful specimen of modern work, showing natural grain of the wood. It is designed by Gordon Russell and was exhibited in Burlington House

THE WORLD OF WOMEN—(continued)

WALLS That LET IN The WORLD

Walls that let in the sun, which incorporate Japanese achitectural ideas

By HARRIET DICKSON

The sun house viewed from the roadway and showing its southern aspect

The view from the garden with the living-room open to the air. On either side are bedrooms, and in front the swimming-pool

One aspect of modern house architecture which has been receiving some attention on the Continent is the function of walls as understood in the East. Far from shutting off the outside world of Nature, the purpose of the wall is rather to admit as much of that world as possible, an aim achieved by transforming one complete side of the principal rooms into a window.

In the sun house built by Herr Welzenbacher of Innsbrück there is more than a suggestion of this Japanese idea, which makes the walls, curious though it may sound, the foundation of the design. The transformed wall window is placed so that it admits some particular aspect of Nature. It must of course, first and foremost, admit sun. But it may, and indeed must, include a picturesque glimpse of the rose garden, or perhaps a clump of silver birches. It may mean, as it does here, a stretch of night sky or a glimmer of moonshine on the swimming-pool with the lights of the town in the distance. The rooms even permit of an alternative view according as to whether it be night or day, but they are complete only in so far as they open wide enough to let in the landscape.

The dining-room, at the back, introduces richer colours. Red leather is used for the chairs and the wall carpets continue the brighter note. The smoke-room adjoins

The living-room of the sun house showing, the wall window closed. The colour scheme is in various shades of green

Looking from the living-room to the garden, with the town beyond. The wall window is sunk below ground level

The desire for sun pre-supposes a southern position. Thus in the sun house the main rooms, the living-room and bed-rooms, are facing slightly south-west, the dining- and smoke-rooms being on the other side, which is the back of the house and facing the street. The entrance, too, is here, and a stone pathway gives access to the garden beyond.

The position of honour is occupied by the living-room in the centre front, where the most attractive feature is the full-length wall-window along the southern side. This wall is sunk by motor power into the ground and when open seems to merge room and garden into one. Immediately in front is the swimming-pool, and the flagged way extends on to a spacious terrace with rose garden and a view over the town. On either side of this room are the two largest bedrooms, likewise with wall-windows. All the rooms have central-heating, which comes from below, the heat rising through a narrow grating in the floor.

Inside, true to the Eastern model, mere walls are nowhere allowed to intrude themselves on the human inhabitants. They may scarcely be visible save as the barest necessary background for dividing one room from the other. The colouring, therefore, is never pronounced. It suggests pale pinks, yellows, buffs, according to aspect, and the delicate tones seem only to accent the effect of distance.

Nor may the presence of walls be stressed by a medley of pictures, for of pictures there are none. The only approach to any decorative touch is given in the smaller rooms behind, where there are wall-carpets in the modern manner, with rich, gay colouring to atone for the lack of sun.

The furniture, too, with its quiet lines, carries out the same calming purpose as the rest of the house.

The sun house was designed by an artist, who was conscious that the house in which one lives cannot fail to exert an influence on the lives of its owners. He never forgets that the ultimate purpose of a home is a place in which to live.

The WORLD of WOMEN — (continued)

FOR RAINY DAYS

When a wet day has determinedly set in, it is better to dress to the barometer and venture out in clothes especially built for bad weather. There is no need these days to feel that a mackintosh looks out of place in town, because the waterproof coats that are now available are so well cut and made from such fine materials that there is one to suit every occasion. A trim mackintosh, good shoes with good soles, and a hat that will not lose its shape when wet, are bound to make a successful appearance in rainy streets when ordinary clothes would merely look bedraggled.

The "Milwata" weatherproof coats illustrated here are excellent examples of rainy-day wear. A coat fashioned from white sheeting of the type that was formerly used for coachmen's coats (shown in the centre of this page), is lined and piped with dark red, black, or royal blue. It is reversible and can be worn either way, so that one coat becomes two—a white one trimmed with a colour, and a coloured one trimmed with white.

"Point to point," shown on the left above, is the name of a waterproof coat destined to be worn over tweeds and sports clothes. It has a tailored collar and revers and sleeves that can be tightened at the wrist. It is especially good for riding as the inset at the back gives adequate freedom.

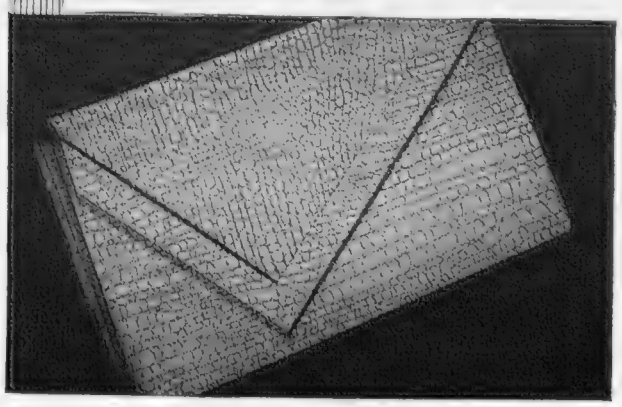
A mackintosh of proofed crêpe de chine with wing sleeves that give a cape effect, (illustrated on the right). This coat has its collar lined with black crêpe and black buttons and pipings.

A wet day demands dress accessories that will remain impervious to the rain. A bag such as the one seen here, from Finnigan's, of unpolished lizard, would not turn a hair whatever the weather.

A morocco umbrella and bag combined is a great comfort when one is shopping in the rain or on a day when rain is threatening. The silk umbrella unfolds and expands, becoming full-sized in what appears to be a miraculous fashion, and the space into which it tucks when not in use is lined with waterproof fabric, so that the wet umbrella may be rolled up and stowed away quite safely.

The ordinary separate umbrella is at its most helpful when it has a crook-handle that can hang on the wrist, like the one here which comes from Finnigan's and which has a crook of jointed horn.

With regard to hats for the wet day, two very good examples from Henry Heath are illustrated. The one of the new brown-spotted felt is turned up in front with a leather button, and the brim comes down well on to the back of the neck. The other, of deep blue velours, has a becoming brim, narrow in front, wider at the sides, and two little steel buckles for trimming at the back.



WILMA MORWEN BUCKLEY

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

A Holiday "DOWN UNDER"

Australia has many charms to offer to the tourist, but greatest of all is its invariable weather

By H. C. FENTON

If there's one outstanding thing about a holiday in Australia it's the weather. You can rely on it.

If you decide to play a foursome at golf on Saturday week at immaculate Rose Bay in Sydney or at Oakleigh in Melbourne, you'll play it, and probably two, because the air is so exhilarating. If you arrange a month ahead to hunt kangaroos or take a week-end hike into the mountain bush, you'll find the sun up bright and early with a genial blessing that will assuredly last until he disappear behind amazingly blue hills in a blaze of glory.

Australia is not a good umbrella market. People pack them away at the end of November and forget about them until the end of May or later. Country-folk forget about them altogether.

SURFING: The great Australian aquatic sport, here seen in full swing on one of the famous Sydney beaches

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD: Sydney Harbour, which rivals Rio for beauty. The Conservatorium of Music and Government House are discernible above

A PLACE OF WIND AND FLOWERS IN FAIR AUSTRALIA: The Botanical Gardens of Melbourne. In the background is the turret of Government House

And yet with its 2,128 average yearly hours of sunshine, Sydney is twice as wet as London, and Brisbane, with 2,630, has double the rainfall of Paris, to cite only two points. Most of the rain comes in a refreshing winter splash.

Not that Australia is a country of blazing heat. That is one of the calumnies that youthful penny dreadfuls about bushrangers, inaccurate geography books, and occasional cabled reports of dry seasons out-back have fostered. Largely, Australia resembles Southern Europe in climate but the warmth is dry and invigorating. Of course if one likes to trek out into the plains some hundreds of miles from the coast in the height of summer one is asking for discomfort, although parties often make winter tours to Alice Springs in Central Australia to get that "pioneer exploration" feeling which has an undoubted thrill in it, and to see Arunta aborigines in their really native state. Often a corroborree is arranged at night, and one doesn't quickly forget the low, monotonous chanting of those Stone Age black folk squatting round their totem in the weird glow of a fire reinforced by the beams of motor headlights that converge from without the magic ring.

One feels as the uncanny stillness of night descends over the heart of the world's oldest continent, and as one attunes one's senses to the rise and fall of the incantation, that one is really in touch with past ages. Therein lies some of the romance of Australia, a romance that, begun before the very existence of the land-masses we call Europe and America, has been enhanced by the exploits of the intrepid pioneers who, little more than a century ago, founded the wealth and industry and culture that to-day find expression in the building of Sydney's mammoth harbour bridge, in the palatial theatres and shops and park-lined boulevards of other cities, and in the brilliant social gatherings at Randwick and Flemington race-courses, or the more unconventional but equally representative beach and bush aspects of Australia's open-air life.

But to return to the weather side. Paradoxically, while having no extremes of temperature because of its shape, Australia has, nevertheless, a wide variation of climate because of its size. In winter, for instance, and within three days, one can exhilarate both in all the known snow sports and on a surf-board atop a creaming roller that will presently spend itself on a sun-drenched beach. I myself have tobogganed in 4 ft. of snow on Mount Kosciusco on a Monday morning, and on the following Thursday have sun-bathed on the magnificent stretch of sandy beach at Surfers' Paradise, a little south of Brisbane.

Capricorn cuts through the continent above its centre, throwing about one-third into the tropics, which from June to September are an idyll of genial warmth without languor in a setting of creeper-festooned jungles; vividly green plantations of sugar, pine-apple, banana, and paw-paw; blue inlets and palm-dotted atolls; and the great, mysterious Barrier Reef, a thousand-mile coral marvel where Nature plays an endless symphony of colour and call and cry, and where scientific expeditions have shown conclusively that you can spend delightful days with as little or less inconvenience than the week-end camper cheerfully puts up with elsewhere.

When you've wandered through the extraordinarily picturesque and spacious bush where sunshine filters through the leaf-tracery of giant eucalyptus to invigorate the shorter forests of tree-ferns and wattles; when you've scared a feeding kangaroo into thudding leaps for undergrowth safety to the accompaniment of a kookaburra's unearthly laugh or the screech of a brilliant rosella-parrot; when you've gazed from Bent's Look-out at Mount Buffalo National Park over the map-like valley of the Ovens River and across the tumbling blue sea of alps; when you've explored the huge caverns of the Jenolan Caves, one of the world's natural wonders, where stalactites and stalagmites that grow an inch in about fifty years are twenty and thirty feet long; when you've hunted buffalo or shot crocodile in the far north, or fished dry-fly for fifteen-pound trout in Tasmania's Great Lake; when you've experienced the essentially Australian pastime of surfing at any of the resorts along twelve thousand miles of sandy beach; when you've wakened day after day to the magpie's full-throated note, and felt that you really wanted to run a mile or go out and punch something—then you will have had something of an Australian holiday.

And, in leaving the northern summer for the southern, you can, as I said before, rely on the weather.

YOUR AUTUMN HOLIDAY?

In constantly increasing numbers readers of "The Sphere" are availing themselves of the free service offered by "The Sphere" Travel Bureau.

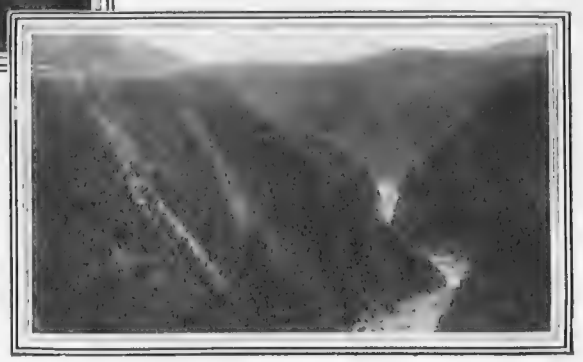
This admirably equipped and efficiently staffed Bureau exists for the dissemination of information and unbiased advice concerning travel and hotels at home and abroad. It does not sell tickets or book accommodation, but it acts as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to the prospective tourist.

Inquiries are answered promptly and comprehensively, and should be accompanied by 3d. in stamps to cover postage of booklets, etc.

"THE SPHERE"
Travel Bureau,
Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

THE HARBOUR OF TASMANIA: Hobart, the Capital. Tasmania was known as Van Dieman's Land in honour of the great Dutch East Indian Governor, but was changed to its present name in honour of its discoverer Tasman

MOUNTAINS AND LAKE: Lake Marion serene in the shadow of the Du Cane Range, a beauty of Tasmania



A CAÑON OF FOREST: Barron Gorge, one of the beauties of the Cairns District, North Queensland

LONDON'S LATEST THEATRE

And Other Dramatic Matters of the Current Week

IN TONES OF GOLD: One of the boxes in the new Cambridge Theatre. To the right, pale old gold arches are interspersed with bands of a harder and more brilliant hue. The design on the circle and box is a fine example of sane modernity

THE GLORIFICATION OF SEVEN DIALS: The safety-curtain of the Cambridge Theatre. Thereon are symbolically represented drawings of the district in the 'thirties during the last seven centuries. This new theatre is the emblem of the emergence of the district from its ancient reputation

THE AUDITORIUM: One feature of the seating (accommodating 1,200) is its comfort, another is individual electric lighting enabling one to read a programme even when the play is in progress

SANITY AND MODERNITY: The foyer of the Cambridge Theatre in marked *style moderne* which is yet not offensive even to English eyes

COMFORT AND LUXURY: The special lighting in the Cambridge Theatre, which enables one to consult a programme during the performance

AT MALVERN: Miss Mary Anderson (Mme Navarro de Viana) with her son, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Sir Barry Jackson, at the presentation of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, which will, it is hoped, emulate *The Apple Cart* and come to town

THE FLAMELESS FLASHLIGHT: Mr. A. Stewart (Sasha) with his invention by which flashlight photographs can be taken without danger of fire—a most valuable discovery

The architects of the Cambridge Theatre were Wimperis, Simpson, and Guthrie, 61, South Molton Street, W.1; the general contractors were Gee, Walker, and Slater, 32, St. James's Street, S.W.1; the stage lighting expert and consulting electrical engineer was W. S. Veness, 55, Neal Street, W.C.2; and the decorators were Waring and Gillow, modern art department, 164, Oxford Street, W.1

The DREYFUS CASE

History Revealed by the Camera of Georges Gerschel and by

FERDINAND TUOHY

(Continued from page 415)

Dreyfus and his Counsel never saw them. The "swine D." was, of course, Dreyfus (whereas in point of fact it was another French agent of Schwartzkoppen's, one Dubois); as to the Italian's telegram to Rome, Henry added with his own hand the forgery, "Dreyfus arrested. Am taking precautions with intermediary"—signifying, of course, that the sender, Colonel Pannizzardi, had been in commerce with Dreyfus. What could military judges do against evidence like that?

A terrible scene on January 5 in the courtyard of the École Militaire when Dreyfus was publicly degraded. A still more terrible one on February 21 following, when the innocent one sailed in chains for fearful Devil's Isle—the first man ever to go there. For four-and-a-half years he was to live on that barren, sun-parched rock. His warders were sharks. Twice weekly they brought him victuals from the mainland. In France jubilation followed the condemnation of the Jew traitor. Then calm, all through 1895 and into 1896. Yet one man kept on the job. Picquart had been made head of "I" in mid-'95, and instinctively had set agents to report on the life Esterhazy led; and what Picquart thus learned only increased his suspicion as to the true culprit. But he lay low. He also set watchers on Schwartzkoppen, and thus it came about that when, one day of April, '96, the German dropped a *petit bleu* (pneumatic tube message) in a letter-box it was at once retrieved and taken to Picquart . . . and it was a message from the German to Esterhazy asking how about certain secrets promised. Yet even then Picquart said nothing. He lay doggo until, towards the end of the year, Esterhazy applied for promotion. The handwriting was exactly that of the famous *bordereau!* Esterhazy had made a fatal slip. Bertillon admitted the similarity; Henry did not.

As for Picquart he had had enough, and sent the *bordereau* to the *Matin*, which produced it facsimile. For doing which Picquart lost his job and was banished to Tunis. But he had re-kindled a flame which was never again to die out. Jews and Liberals, principally, girded on their loins; famous pens started scratching; there was uneasiness in high places; *something was wrong; somebody was being shielded.* Yet all through '97 the Government refused to budge; admission would have been too much of a showing up, might provoke anything. However, upon Dreyfus's brother publicly accusing Esterhazy, something had to be done. A mock court-martial was held on January 10, 1898, at which E. was acquitted, but his acquittal was inevitably followed by the terrific *J'Accuse* letter of Zola's, and explicitly accusing Esterhazy, chapter and verse. Yet the War Ministry had more kick in it yet. Although everyone there must have been by this time amply convinced of Dreyfus's innocence whatever they may have thought earlier, an official movement was started to show that Picquart, the annoying, intervening zealot, had forged the deeply-fraught *petit bleu* which had re-started the whole case. But for the terrific wave that Clemenceau and Zola and others were already fanning, Picquart must have got five years. (Picquart, from Tunis, had undoubtedly supplied the Dreyfusards with all their ammunition.)

A JOURNALISTIC PIONEER: The court-room in which the Dreyfus case was tried. This is the first picture of a court-room ever recorded by a press photographer

As things developed, the *coup de théâtre* came in August, '98, when War Minister Cavaignac was compelled to admit that the secret pieces on the strength of which Dreyfus had been convicted were forgeries. Colonel Henry, the suspect, when arrested, cut his throat.

There was surely no holding back now. Esterhazy had escaped to England. The cat was ninety-nine parts out of the bag. But no. Dreyfus was to wait one full year more in his living hell while they procrastinated and jockeyed in Paris—since of course so many influential ones were going to be inevitably scalped if the Jew came back and won freedom. But the President in the upshot had no option but to order the return for re-trial of the innocent one, who re-landed in France in August, 1899, a prematurely old, broken man, and one ignorant that his name had torn France asunder.

All the foregoing burst in one vast explosion at the re-trial at Rennes, to which these photographs relate. Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards wrestled and fought. For weeks the papers carried nothing else. But space prohibits re-telling any more beyond that the central drama hinged on Labori's efforts to get the Germans to say the one phrase:

"*We never employed Dreyfus.*"

And what a pretty tale one has to tell of Berlin's attitude to this most human of appeals! Buelow, plus the Kriegamt, would not allow the word to be spoken because it was considered in the interests of German policy that France should continue shaken, that Jewish and Radical "re-influence" should be held in check, that the French Army should continue to be demoralized and to scandalize Europe. Hang Devil's Isle! In order still to save the military face, the prisoner had to be found guilty of treason with extenuating circumstances. He was given ten years in a fortress, but the ghastly farce was promptly cut short by Loubet next day when the martyred Jew was released. But he had to wait seven further years before being pardoned. But he was shot at and wounded the same year (1906) when he attended the translation of Zola's ashes to the Pantheon. After that he was made a Major and restored to service. In the War he served in the centre of France. He was pensioned, promoted Colonel, and given the red ribbon at its conclusion, and to-day he lives in Paris, a timid old man of seventy-one, tended by his son Pierre. He is the last of them all. The "Tiger" was the second last. Not long ago Dreyfus attended when they put a *plaque* on Zola's door near the Gare St. Lazare—and no one noticed him.

Esterhazy died in 1927 at Harpenden, Herts. As "Comte de Voilement" he would earn some money in Fleet Street as *revelationer*—although he was also probably a remittance man (possibly deriving S.S. funds for keeping silence). For there is growing evidence that E. (who was sacked by Schwartzkoppen in '96 for giving dud stuff) was a counter-spy for France, a decoy planted on Schwartzkoppen as well as a spy in the latter's pay. The wheels within wheels of S.S. work are manifold. Was it eminently desirable to preserve Esterhazy at all costs, and was an innocent man, a disliked Jewish gate-crasher, offered up on that account? One hardly thinks it could have been that alone. That may have been part of it. But I believe much emanated from a mixture of wanting to get rid of Dreyfus, personally; of certain officers wishing to bring off a "traitor" coup that would enhance their own situation at a bad time; of a reactionary desire to discredit Germany; and also further to humiliate the rocking Third Republic; and that a conjunction of these and possible other hidden factors led to the sorry business becoming a snowball affair, the War Ministry becoming progressively less able to retreat from the position in which its own anti-Semitic impulsiveness had landed it. It also looks much as if Esterhazy–Henry hatched matters initially, that Paty du Clam willingly allowed himself to be made a tool of, that . . . but a truce!

Of the others, Picquart lived to be War Minister, and was given a State funeral in 1914; Zola died of gas poisoning; Paty du Clam died in his bed some years ago; General v. Schwartzkoppen, 22nd Division, Eastern Front, of pneumonia in 1917; Jaurés assassinated—they are all dead. Except the wizened, bowed, white-haired old Colonel of Montmartre, who once came near to making the very heavens tremble.

THE LURE OF THE ALPS

Mountaineering the Only Sport Untainted by Professionalism

By GRAHAM SETON

(Author of "The W Plan")

The development of modern communications has literally brought the Alps to our doorsteps. Of all outdoor sports none is more at once exacting and inspiring, nor commands greater reserves of physique and mental endurance than that of climbing. I am often astonished that in an age of always greater comfort and ease, one direct outcome of which has been the development and rise of the Boy Scout movement, and of a quest for health, the sport of mountaineering has not engaged the interest and activity of all those who realize the value of the Spartan virtues.

Throughout the world there are some four hundred and seventy climbing clubs; and of these not the least is that of Scotland, and certainly the greatest is the exclusive Alpine Club of Great Britain. The hills of Britain are an admirable recruiting ground for the ardours and endurances of the Alps, and now that cheap railway facilities and the economical guest house of Switzerland make of an Alpine holiday one as cheap as any one spent in our own islands, there is an opportunity for those of our race who have been brought to love the hillside and the vale to experience for themselves the grandeur of an Alpine holiday.

Mountaineering remains the only sport untainted by professionalism, which for me is one of its most subtle attractions. In a worldly sense this pastime offers neither money prizes nor cups, no honours, no championships; yet, its rewards are the richest, of the finest quality, offered by a civilized world. The stimulation to the mind and spirit of attaining to heights sublime through tempest and difficulty is unmatched. The emotions experienced during a struggle with the elements, with sometimes a thousand feet of sheer space between the physical body and eternity, moving foot by foot up the rocky face of some defiant Colossus, or creeping stealthily across mountains of jagged ice, remain rich in the memory.

These are the feelings which give renewed zest to the weary soul, fresh impetus to ambition, a strengthening of the whole moral fibre. Nor is the reward alone of the spirit; the whole physical being responds to the strident, triumphant appeal to the emotion. The moment of conquest is intoxicating to the mind. Every muscle, every fibre, every nerve is braced for the effort. Man becomes tempered like wrought steel, supple as a rapier blade.

These are the rewards of a mountaineer; physical, moral, and mental tonics, elsewhere unobtainable. There can be no relaxation, no turning back or aside, no rest, until the task is completed. Man is matched against grim Nature in all her rugged majesty, buffeted by tempests, tortured by thirst, famished with hunger, subjected to extremes of heat and frost; and not least is he matched against himself—all his weakness and cowardice, his disappointments and failings, during the long hours of silent struggle, are mirrored before the mind, and, as he triumphs, so he realizes his power. No pastime offers such rewards; in no other leisure task can the whole being attain such heights, such a renewal of the divine. In no other way can age be thrust into the background, the drooping spirit be raised to a fresh consciousness of its dominant, creative mission.

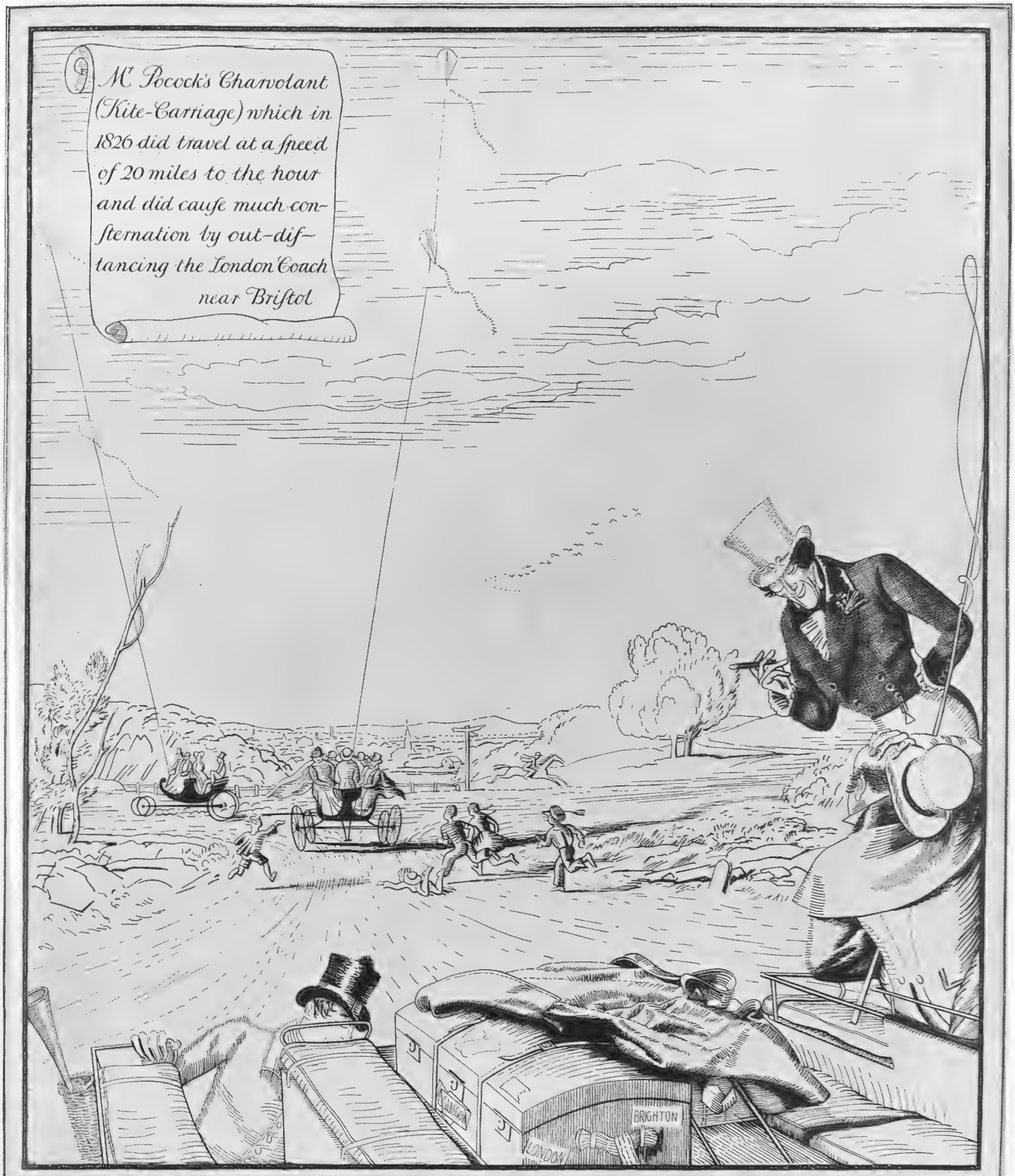
Novices, whether young or elderly, but especially the young, have opportunities equal with the most skilled. Mountaineering is a craft; the unthinking believe that any fool can climb. There are natural climbers, but there is also a technique; even the climber most gifted with courage, strength, speed, capacity for instant decision, of iron nerve, will fail if he neglects the simple rules of the mountains. But the ranks of mountaineers may be increased a hundredfold; and indeed when I witness each summer thousands of English people travelling in Switzerland, enjoying its majestic scenery, matchless motor-ways, the hospitality of its hotels, I wonder if they realize what they miss. How many have tried even the rugged pathway to the refuge hut? How many have dared to test themselves, and to go higher among the eternal snows, to scale some gaunt rocky peak upon its ice throne?

The novice should not attempt the larger exacting ascents, on which he will have no leisure to observe. He should confine himself to less travelled regions,—wherein he can find his own route, and to glaciers and rock peaks, whereon points of technique may be studied in variety and in repetition. Such points are common to small and big ascents alike, and they are essential to the mountaineer's education.

A party of three, four, or five persons, in good health, well shod, with a good rope as a precaution, and with trusty ice axes, may penetrate far among the mountains, even without a Swiss guide, may enjoy all the exhilaration of the passage of a high pass, may spend long days above the snow-line, or clambering among lesser peaks with matchless views of the giants, without fear, in perfect safety. Such a party may find itself journeying high above the world, from one refuge hut to another, to spend the nights at these log and stone cabins in the fellowship of men and women who are enjoying emancipation from the bonds of our ordered modern life. Among the forests and highlands it can seek a life of adventure, and set up in the individual memory lasting monuments of its own prowess, courage, and ingenuity.

Three things are essential to the mountaineering holiday: good comradeship, good health, and good climbing. The last is only attainable when the other two are quite secure. Although the declared object is climbing, a holiday and leisure are the first needs of every worker, and so good-fellowship and renewed health may be considerations even more important than achievement in ascent or the technique of mountain craft.

My advice is, go to the Alps!



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A SPORT ANCIENT AND MODERN: Archery proves popular even when not so "professionally" managed as this picture shows

TRIALS of a HOSTESS

And a Few Suggestions to Overcome them

By G. H. W. RAMSEY

Much ink has been spilt of late years stressing the unenviable position of those ladies whose hospitality or rank in life induces them to open their houses to gatherings large or small. The "bad manners" of the present day are blamed for the majority of the thorns in the path of the entertainer.

Young gentlemen who let one down at the last minute for a *dîner dansant* or a couple of tables of bridge; young ladies who produce for no reason an unknown male, to the derangement of carefully worked out programmes; young persons of either sex who pick one's flowers, spill one's cocktails, stay unnecessarily in bed to breakfast, break one's trellises in half-heartedly pursuing wantonly hit tennis balls, or, on the other hand, don't play tennis, don't like bridge, hate billiards, loathe golf, can't stand the gramophone or wireless, are bored with reading, and leave cigarette ends smouldering on the furniture — such poisonous (and usually dull) Young People have been the subject of complaint from many quarters from Lady Oxford and Asquith, and Messrs. Cecil Beaton and Evelyn Waugh, down to Mother of Seven, Balham, and John Bull.

TOXOPHILITE: Mrs. Edith Bray, a noted exponent of the long bow

But the trials of a hostess may well emanate not from boorishness, or even from the uncongeniality of a party for which she herself may be to blame. Our old friend the weather can wreck a party as certainly as the tall, ghostly stranger taking pot-shots at the host who seems such a *sine qua non* in the house-parties of fiction.

The lawns are emerald, the guests are flannelled, the nets are taut, the lines are true—and it pours cats and dogs. If the guests don't play bridge or poker or *vingt-et-un*, ensue three sticky hours—unless there is a room to dance. Failing that *Que*, as the Bishop asked, *faire?*

The clever hostess, anticipating the gloomy skies, will be prepared, with sheets of paper and plenty of pencils, to inaugurate parlour games; forgotten pastimes of the nursery which by their very oblivion will, with a little tactful persuasion, prove the greatest fun. "Baffle-books" are popular; and the game of making one guest start a story and each other in turn adding to it is productive of the greatest amusement.

Again, what is one to do with a houseful of people if a heat wave, that *rara* and beautiful *avis*, smites one suddenly for a couple of days. Only the most hardy can bear even the thought of tennis; golf is inconceivable; and if one tries to play cards out of doors a diabolical wind, which bears on its wings no gift of coolness, springs up to face the cards before they are dealt.

In America they have produced a specially weighted playing card for *alfresco* occasions, and the importation may well prove one solution of the doldrums. But there are those who dislike cards before the evening as well as those who do not play—and what is one to do with *them*?

The wheel of fashion has a habit of coming full circle. Hawking is again rearing its hooded head; archery, long relegated to the "Old Masters" of both sexes, to-day enjoys a renaissance; and even croquet, the despised Victorian pastime, is quite an enjoyable game when the sun strikes us impotent for the more strenuous sports.

While it were a labour of Hercules to install an aviary of hawks—not to mention a great expense—an adequate archery set costs but little, is easily set up in a comparatively limited space, and can afford great enjoyment by virtue of its leisureliness and its rarity. Or, if archery seem a little far-fetched, air-gun and paper targets also can amuse.

"IN FULL DRAUGHT": Miss N. McLeod pursues an ideal scorching-day pastime

While as for croquet . . . but Blue has just failed to hit the stick . . . . . I cannot write any more . . . I think I can get through the hoop.

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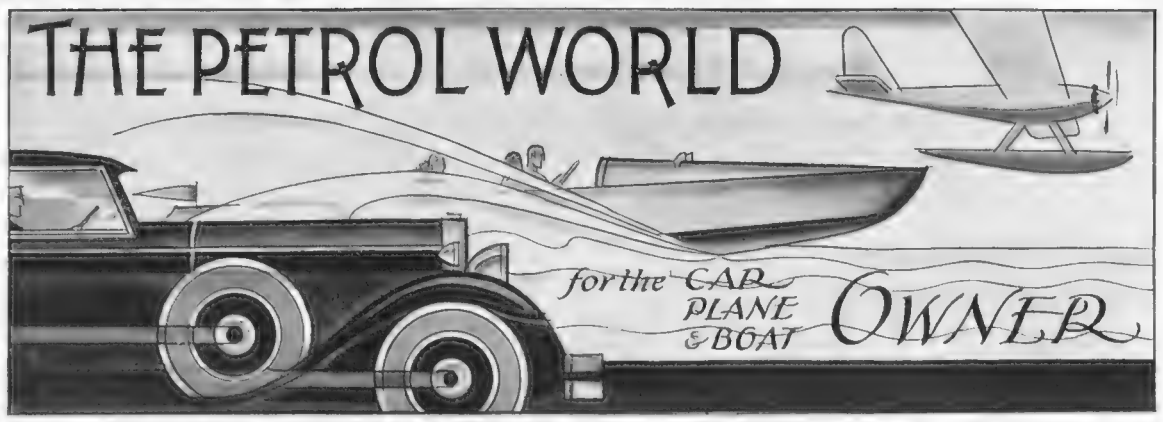


The Petrol World on LAND, conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

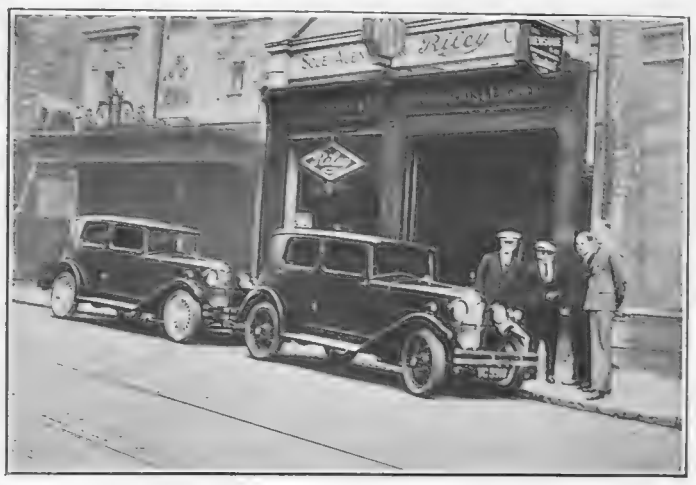
THE IMPORTANCE OF GOVERNMENT RECOGNITION.—The great race in Ulster has been run, and there is no denying the fact that the Italians thoroughly deserved their victory. It should be pointed out, however, that the Italians brought about their success in such a manner that the British motor trade could scarcely hope to beat them. The famous firm of Alfa-Romeo definitely have official recognition from their Government, which of course is lacking in the case of the British motor manufacturer. When our Government does back up a sporting contest, such as the Schneider Trophy last year, we stand a very good chance of providing the winner. The Schneider Trophy showed the world that we have the designers, the materials, and the workmanship to produce anything as good as, if not better than, any of our foreign rivals. The British motor trade unfortunately is not in such a flourishing condition that it can afford to spend large sums of money on competition-work, and so our attempts are not always so successful as we would like.

The winning cars were never pressed, in fact one can almost say they toured round. It was most regrettable that the German Ace, Herr Caracciola, should have been excluded, but even if he had run I do not think he could have gained on his handicap sufficiently to have beaten the Alfa-Romeos.

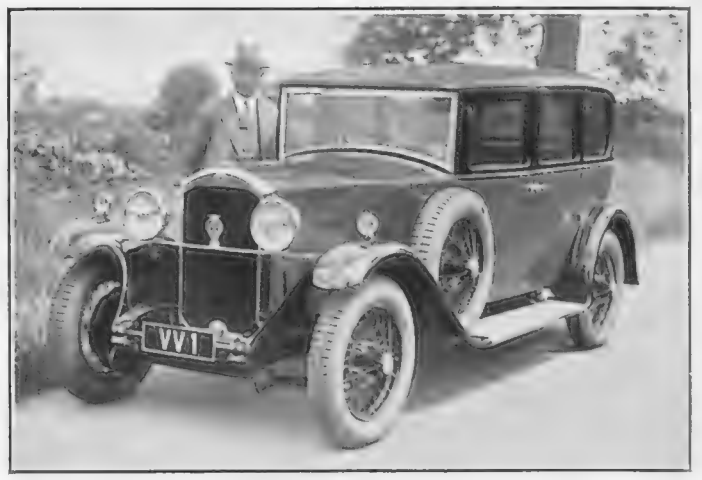
I have now been to all three of the T.T. races, and my observance showed me that familiarity with these contests on the part of the populace is not breeding indifference. On the contrary, I think the enthusiasm was greater this year than on any previous occasion. As usual, the Government of Northern Ireland gave an official banquet after the race, and the function was graced by the presence of the Governor-General, the Prime Minister, the Minister for Home Affairs, and many other Governmental chiefs. They do not attend these banquets merely to ornament the hall or to partake of a pleasant repast, but to utilize the occasion to make public the Government's keen desire for a similar race to take place in Ulster the next year.

A FATUOUS VETO.—Ulster this year has got a real fright, for the Isle of Man authorities have been courting the R.A.C. in an endeavour to persuade the governing body to run the race in their island. We have therefore the interesting position of two friendly Governments doing their utmost to have the race next year in their respective countries. Obviously it must be of some advantage to the countries in question to have such a race held in their midst. The Isle of Man has had experiences with the Motor-bicycle T.T. Races, and Ulster has now

(Continued on following page)



The Gift of Fortune: Mr. T. Lane and Mr. W. Osborne, who won £61,000 in the Calcutta Sweep, outside the depot of Messrs. S. H. Newsome and Co. of Coventry, with the two Riley saloons which they ordered



A Humber Pioneer: The Chief Constable of Northampton with his new 16/50-h.p. Humber saloon, the first car to be registered under the Northampton registration letters, "VV."

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The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Continued from preceding page)

provided the arena for two car races. Both authorities are making their endeavours because they have practical evidence that such events are good for their trade. What is good for Ulster or the Isle of Man should surely be good for England, and it therefore becomes all the more inexplicable why the British Government still refuses to entertain the idea of having a race in this country.

It is rather curious how each Ulster T.T. Race provides its popular favourite for the local inhabitants. This year the idol of the crowd was Captain H. R. S. Birkin. To occupy such a position has its embarrassments. Captain Birkin received thousands of letters from all kinds of admirers, and many of these communications were tinged with pathos. One that I saw was from a child who had been in hospital for a long period with disease of the spine, and the letter made a plaintive request for a photograph and an autograph. Captain Birkin's popularity is of course easy to understand. First of all he is one of the best examples of the real genuine British sportsman, and he was definitely engaged in a duel with a foreign though friendly adversary. Regrettable though it was that the latter was not permitted to compete, Birkin's popularity did not in any way diminish. Another thing which endeared him to the people of Ulster was that he was driving a British car, and those that know Ulster well realize that no one in a motor race can start with a greater asset so far as the popular fervour of the onlookers is concerned.

A NO-TROUBLE RACE.—The race was what I might describe as a varied one. The spectators on the course were probably thrilled to the core, but those who had paid money for seats on the grand stands which were opposite the pits must have been bored to extinction. Never before have I known a race where so few of the competing cars came in with trouble. With the exception of about four, all the other cars only utilized their pits for replenishments of oil, water, and petrol, and in the case of the three Talbots they never even stopped for these purposes. In fact the running of these three cars was most remarkable, particularly as their regularity was not confined to this race, as they were only repeating their performances at Dublin and at Le Mans. If these cars had superchargers fitted to them, and by so doing they did not diminish their reliability, I think they would go a long way towards winning the Ulster T.T., because in that event superchargers are not specially handicapped.

For the benefit of those of my readers who were not able to be present I should like to assure them that the race was not of the blood-and-thunder sort that they may have been led to believe. There were crashes as there always will be in a road race, but I do not think in any one instance a crash occurred through the wet roads. The authorities had made the road as near perfect as is humanly possible, and it never possessed the wet, shiny, slippery surface that the correspondents of some of our papers imagined they saw. The R.A.C. absolutely surpassed themselves in the matter of organization, and everything was 100 per cent. better than last year. Anyone who was present had the greatest difficulty in putting forward even one suggestion where the organization might be bettered.

Sampling His Own Wares: The latest type Phantom II. Rolls-Royce car supplied to Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves, managing director of Rolls-Royce, Ltd. The body is a four-light enclosed limousine with a folding extension over the driver, built by Messrs. Hooper and Company and finished in crimson lake and black.

A Masterpiece by Mulliner: A remarkable example of modern coachwork in dull gold and black, by Arthur Mulliner, fitted to a 25-h.p. Daimler chassis. Mr. Bradley's notes on this exquisite chef-d'œuvre appear on the right

"THE GOLDEN DRAGON."—The other day I was able to examine a very interesting example of coachwork fitted to a 25-h.p. Daimler chassis. It was a sports saloon made by Arthur Mulliner, Ltd., and the distinctive design has been given a name—"The Golden Dragon." The graceful and unique lines of the body are shown off to their best advantage on a chassis of this nature. The colour scheme is a dull gold with quite a large expanse of black. The ordinary Daimler bonnet has been scrapped and a new one of the orthodox type, though much longer, has been fitted. In this connection I was interested to note that the handles for lifting the bonnet were recessed. The wings are ribbed in the centre, and those at the front and at the rear are joined together by a running-board having a graceful curve which marries up well with the lines of the two wings. There is a bulbous back to the body, and in this the spare wheel is carried. Luggage can also be accommodated when the flap of the rear locker is let down. Although the complete body is wonderfully low there is ample headroom inside for the occupants. The rear passengers are provided with a recessed mirror on each side, and this can be lit up with an invisible light. It is only a small point, but it serves as an example to show the care and the ingenuity that has been bestowed on the design. The cost of this body does not run into four figures, as might almost be imagined by looking at it, but can be obtained for the moderate sum of £575.

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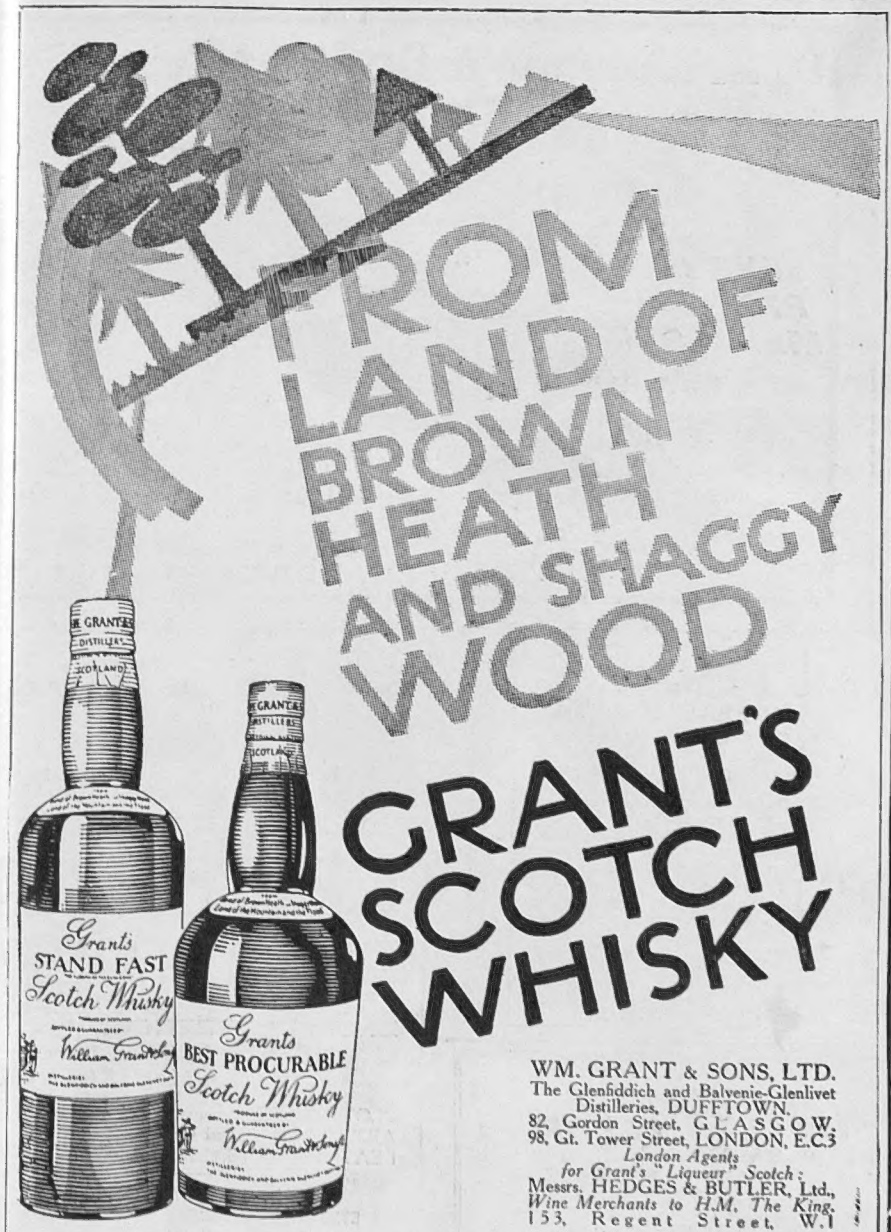

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INTO THE HOGGAR

(*Continued from page 425*)

a Targuia. We listened to the imzad, a stringed instrument, played by a Targuia, tall, well-built, graceful, and vivacious. Her features were refined, and she was beautiful in spite of the yellow dye on the upper part of her face and the Birmingham cloth dye which had been rubbed over the lower half. While she played the Touareg covered their eyes, for a woman should not be allowed to see the effect of her music.

The villages in the Hoggar are inhabited by the Soudanese slaves of the Touareg, or the descendants of these slaves, and by people of mixed blood, for the real Touareg are nomads and will not live in villages. Neither will they work. Their territory is enormous. The Amenokal used to spend most of his time with his flocks as far south as the Air Mountains. Now he receives a subsidy from the French Government, and will soon be moving into a house which is being built for him close to Tamanrasset.

A camel caravan was organized for us and we set out across the burning plains to explore the western range of the Hoggar Mountains. When we camped near a village the Caïd would bring us a sheep or a goat, eggs, and goats' milk, and invite us to drink tea. At this ceremony it is always politer to sip loudly, even to belch rather than to make much conversation. For meat we preferred to shoot gazelle and sand-grouse.

So we were received in the Hoggar, the country of a warrior race, and its slaves; of the finest camels in Africa, sturdy little donkeys, gazelle, foxes, jackal, sand-grouse, birds of prey, snakes, and scorpions; of wild Barbary sheep in the high mountains; of bare rocks and peaks and sandy oueds full of tamarisk and sweet-scented acacia—a wild and barren land of dawns and sunsets of incredible beauty, cold, brilliant nights, and rainless, sun-scorched days.

J. W. C.

ODDS and ENDS

UFFORD PLACE COLLECTION

One of the first important art sales of the season is announced to take place at Ufford Place, Woodbridge, Suffolk, the residence of the late Mrs. Constance Brooke, on Monday, September 15, and four following days. The illustrated catalogue, comprising over 1,500 lots, includes many choice examples of English furniture, dating from the Stuart Period to the late eighteenth century, including notably a valuable set of Chippendale chairs (six small and two arms) on carved cabriole legs, Chippendale settees, tables, and pole fire screens with petit-point needlework panels, seventeenth-century cabinets and other pieces from the Dowager Viscountess Wolseley collection, Hampton Court Palace, Queen Anne lacquer cabinet, secretaire and grandfather clocks, Queen Anne marqueterie chests, William and Mary tables and mirrors, seventeenth-century Flemish tapestry, fine examples of Eastern carpets and rugs, needlework and woven fabrics, including old petit-point pictures, Sheraton sideboard, tables, and chairs, old oak cabinets and chests, Charles II chairs, old French furniture, old leather and needlework screens, bracket clocks, Chinese, Continental, and English porcelain and pottery, sixteenth-century German brass alms dishes, bronzes, antique silver, English eighteenth-century drinking-glasses, pictures, and drawings by old and modern artists, old English colour prints, and the complete appointments of the mansion. Hampton and Sons of St. James' Square, London, are the auctioneers concerned.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE AND REGISTRATION WORK

Royal Assent has just been given to an Act of Parliament empowering the Royal Exchange Assurance to undertake registration work of all sorts, and also to act as secretaries of public companies. Though curiously enough the Private Bill which has now become an Act of Parliament was drafted before the financial crisis of last autumn, it was the work which the corporation undertook in connection with the Hatry Settlement Fund that finally convinced the governors of the need for a special organization to carry out registration work. Its creation should be of advantage to many companies. The Royal Exchange Assurance did much to pioneer the corporate trustee movement, and their new activity should prove to be no less important.

GOLF AND THE G.W.R.

A notable brochure, in full colour, has just been issued by the Great Western Railway for the convenience of the ever-increasing army of golfers. A foreword is contributed by Edward Ray, ex-British and American Open Golf Champion, and brief particulars of all the golf courses served by the company's far-flung system are given, a list embracing some of the most attractive links in the country. 20,000 copies havebeen printed; all are for gratuitous distribution. Details of fees and Sunday play on 350 courses are included in this convenient guide.

"THE ENCHANTMENT OF CANADA"

The Canadian Pacific has issued a brochure entitled *The Enchantment of Canada;* it is beautifully illustrated in colour by reproductions of paintings by Leonard Richmond, R.O.I., R.B.A. The letterpress, which entertainingly describes the physical aspects and the scenic grandeur of the Dominion, is by Charles W. Stokes. Copies of the brochure may be obtained on application to the Canadian Pacific, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

KING CAROL PURCHASES AN ATCO

It is with interest that we note that a monarch who has been much in the public eye of late, King Carol of Roumania, has recently purchased one of the famous All-British Atco motors—a 12-in. model. Messrs. Charles H. Pugh, Ltd., of Tilton Road, Birmingham, the manufacturers, thus add another famous name to the already long list of well-known users. It is a tribute to the remarkable world-wide reputation of these machines that the Atco was chosen by King Carol.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship are making a special appeal for £10,000 to complete the purchase of Esher Place, Esher, and to adapt the house for its new use. In this new Home 170 girls will receive proper home influence and domestic training. Please send a contribution to help in this great work of training young girls to become good and useful citizens. All gifts will be gratefully received by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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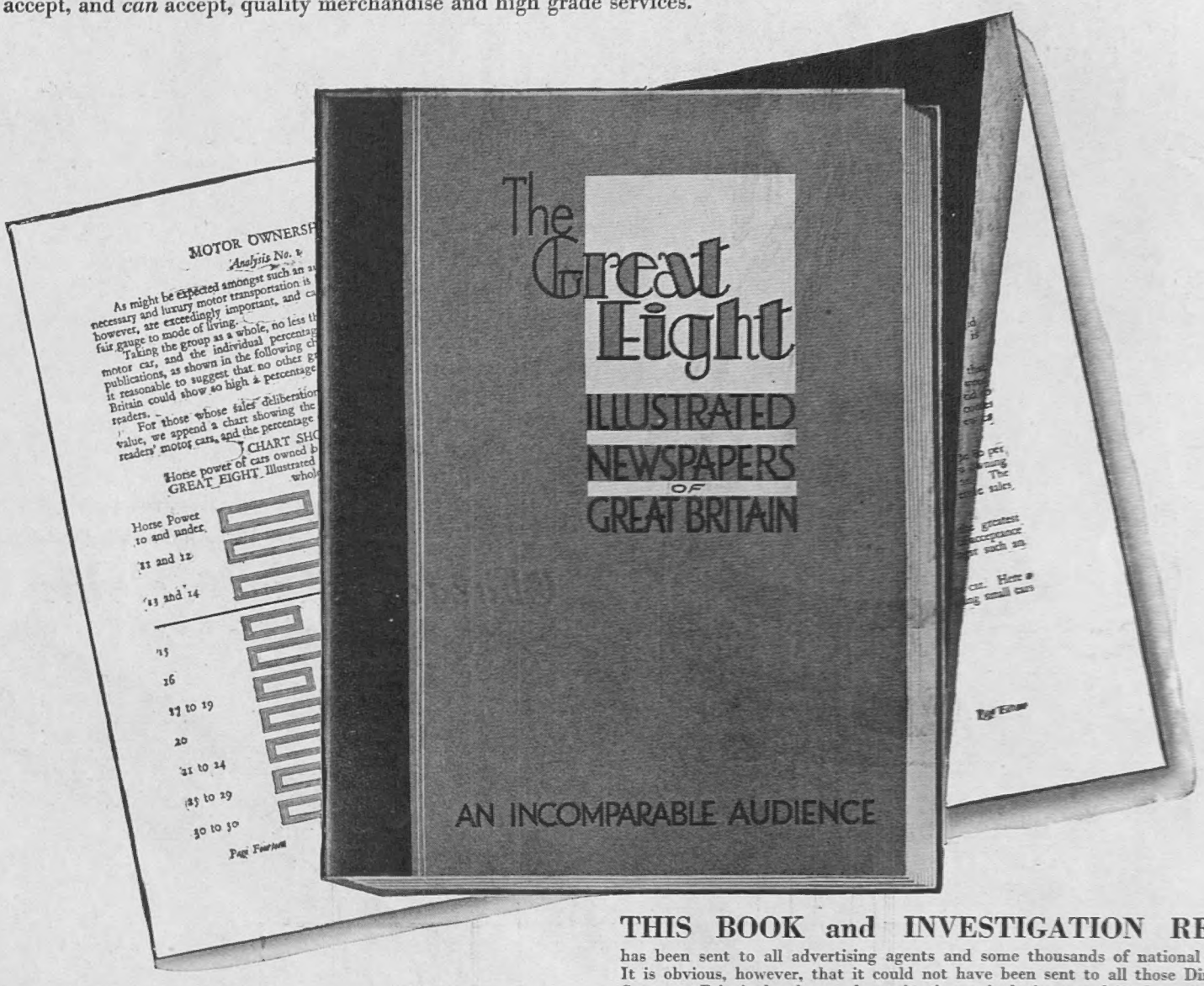

THIS BOOK and INVESTIGATION REPORT

has been sent to all advertising agents and some thousands of national advertisers. It is obvious, however, that it could not have been sent to all those Directors and Company Principals who are becoming increasingly interested in the selling problems of to-day. If, therefore, you are a Director of Principal or a Company and would like us to send you a copy, we will gladly do so on receipt of your request upon business notepaper.

Communications should be addressed to: The Advertisement Director,

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The Advertisement Director of the GREAT EIGHT Illustrated Newspapers desires to express his sincere thanks to all those readers who so very kindly responded, anonymously, to the advertising questionnaire addressed to them in the early summer. The information that has been obtained will be of very considerable value and interest to our British industries.

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